

CHATEAU CARRELL.

BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.

THE Chateau de Carrell is thirty leagues distant from Paris. It is a noble old pile, dating back for nearly three centuries. It was fortunate enough to escape the vengeance of the "good patriots" in the great Revolution, and at the present day is the object of the special pride of the people, inasmuch as it is one of the most interesting relics of the past to be found in that historic region. It is the seat of the Marquis de Carrell, whose race has held possession of the domain for several centuries, and who trace their descent in an irregular line to one of the "sons of St. Louis." They have been a proud high-spirited race, and their pride has not been in oppressing, but in protecting their dependents. They have always been prompt to lend their influence to the cause of their country. A Carrell was found in the ranks of those who baffled the Duke of Brunswick in his pleasant little scheme of desolating France, and this same individual fought bravely at the siege of Toulon, not for, but against the white flag. Throughout the long struggle which closed at Waterloo, the family had given their love to the tri-color and the emperor. This course had made them unpopular with the "restored sovereign;" but they had managed to survive his displeasure without loss to themselves, and now they are among the staunchest supporters of the glorious Empire of Peace.

The old mansion, with its splendid grounds, stately oaks, and exquisite shrubbery, is an attractive place to the eye of the beholder. It has an air of such calm dignity, such perfect repose, that one cannot resist the temptation of violating the tenth commandment, and coveting his neighbor's house. Like most houses of great antiquity, it has a history of its own—a history checkered so with care and sorrow, and with happiness and thoughtlessness, that one scarcely knows whether to call it grave or gay. It is to an episode in the story of this ancient pile that I now ask the reader's attention.

It was in the year 1700 that the young Marquis de Carrell, left an orphan by the death of his father, returned from his trav-

els, and appeared in the gay court of the French king, to create the "latest sensation" of that dissolute little world. He was a man eminently calculated to produce a sensation anywhere. He was a model of masculine beauty, with the strength and courage of a Hercules. Added to this, he possessed all the accomplishments and advantages which a liberal education and extensive travel can give. He came back to his country well recommended to the gay and dissolute crowd which comprised the court of Louis XV. His adventures in foreign lands, which had been marked by daring and rare success, and, above all, his youthful follies and dissipation had preceded him, and he was greeted with delight, and was expected to become one of the lions of the day at Versailles. He did not disappoint these expectations, and soon the court and capital rang with his exploits. In vain the king looked grave, and said there was such a thing as carrying matters too far; in vain the prime minister, who had been his father's friend, hinted that a little more discretion would be prudent. The young noble only laughed, good-naturedly, and went on, worse than ever.

There appeared at the court at this time another person, who for a time bid fair to rival the marquis in his achievements. He was the Count de Valmy, also a young man; and, like the marquis, possessed of great beauty and accomplishments. He came of an old family, and his immense wealth enabled him to support a dignity and splendor that was almost princely. He entered heartily into the follies and dissipations of the time, and his principal ambition seemed to be to outshine the gay marquis, whom he, from the first, recognized as his rival. If the marquis distinguished himself by one folly, the count was sure to indulge in two of a far more serious character; and finally, the former came to notice this, with a determination not to be outdone. Thereupon ensued a mad contest for the palm, which each coveted, and in which each learned to hate the other with all the intensity of his nature.

Between these two gallants the admira-

tion of the court was almost equally divided. The fair dames, the weakest and easiest won, perhaps, of any age, seemed at a loss which one to prefer—both were so charming in their eyes. The court was, as it were, divided into two parties, each consisting of the champions of one of our two celebrities, and the merits of their heroes were discussed and contended for with such a gravity and vigor, that a stranger might have thought the destinies of France depended on them. Not even the deeds of the great warriors and statesmen of the age excited as much interest among the dames of the court as did the debaucheries of the count and marquis. There was not a lady of rank in all Versailles that would not have thought herself supremely happy and highly honored could she have counted either among her lovers, for all the women were run mad over them.

Had they chosen, the count and the marquis might have pursued separate fields of conquest among the fair sex; but so bitter was their hatred, and so intense their rivalry, that one could not pay the slightest attention to a lady without bringing the other to her feet, with a resolve to deprive the former of his triumph. Had they wished it, they might here have separated, according to the ideas of that day, with honor and credit to themselves; and it would have been better for them had they done so.

While their rivalry was at its height there was still another arrival at the court. The Duchess de Saint Maur, one of the queen's ladies in waiting; returned from a visit to her ancestral home. She was a thorough woman of the world, and she listened with decided pleasure to the recitals of the doings and sayings of the gay gentlemen of our story, with which she was overwhelmed upon her return to court. She brought with her an orphan niece, whose beauty was destined to make many a belle's heart ache with envy.

But Julie de Laguiei was not fitted for the scenes in which her aunt meant to place her. She was as pure and innocent as she was beautiful. From the first she shrank from the free manners and loose principles of those who surrounded her, and wished herself back again in the quiet old chateau she had left. She gave the courtiers no encouragement to seek her society, and they soon left her to herself. In vain the disap-

pointed aunt upbraided her. Julie could not learn the lessons necessary to success there; she even preferred the convent, with which her aunt threatened her. The courtiers and ladies regarded her as a foolish little body who would never have any sense, and the king shrugged his shoulders and said dryly that *Madame la Duchesse* must wish to attempt their conversion, since she had introduced a saint among them.

The Count de Valmy did not share these feelings. When a child he had been Julie de Laguiei's playmate, and they had grown up together, till he had been sent off to the Jesuit college, and she to the convent, to be educated. Since then they had never met. She had been his boy love, and he had never forgotten her. Beneath his gay and frivolous exterior this great passion of his life beat strong and steady, never changing for a moment, and never abandoning the hope upon which it fed, that he would one day see her again, and claim her as his bride. When she came to Versailles his hope blazed up afresh. He would see her now, and his love should yet receive its reward. He lost no time in bringing about a meeting. She received him kindly, as the playmate of her childhood, but with a reserve, which was not lost upon him, for she had been duly informed of his reputation and exploits, and they had not raised him in her estimation.

"You have changed so much," she said, very gravely.

It was a simple remark, but it accomplished as much as many a long sober lecture. From that moment the Count de Valmy was indeed changed. He abandoned his gay life, and became a steady serious man. The change in him surprised every one, and without knowing the cause of it, they made him the object of a vast amount of good-natured ridicule. But the count cared little for this. He was trying to win the love of the beautiful Julie de Laguiei, and he was perfectly sincere in his intentions of reformation. Julie, of course, marked his different demeanor, and heard the tales of the great change that had come over him, and it was not many days before she divined the cause. She was gratified, for she had always liked him, and it was not certain that she would not end by loving him.

The Marquis de Carrell likewise beheld the alteration in his rival, and he was, per-

haps, the most genuinely astonished of all the court. At length, however, he came to the conclusion that the count was trying some new folly, and he thought it would be excellent sport to enter the lists against him. So, with this intention, he suddenly abandoned his usual mode of life, and became as grave and sedate as he had been reckless and profligate. He now met with Julie de Laguiel, and his mock gravity changed into a real heartfelt earnestness, for he surrendered his heart from the first to the fair stranger, and he now entered upon a new and more dangerous rivalry with the count.

The change in the two young men was the wonder of the court, but at last the constant attentions which they paid to Julie explained the cause of it. The king shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"It seems our fair De Laguiel is at work in earnest, since she has turned our two gayest cavaliers into perfect monks. It is very well, though, for they were going rather too far."

The Duchess de Saint Maur was not a little pleased to find her niece the object of such devotion, and she began to think that, after all, Julie might make a brilliant marriage, as both of her suitors were of high rank and great wealth, though she could neither comprehend nor appreciate the reformation of the young men.

Matters came to a crisis at last. Julie made her choice between her lovers, and the marquis was successful. She could not tell why she loved him better than the one she had known so long; she only knew that her heart was entirely his. The marquis was more prompt than his rival, and he availed himself of an early opportunity to avow his love and receive an assurance of its return. His exultant manner told the count of his triumph. The latter, to confirm his fears, declared to Julie his passion for her, and was rejected. He passed out from her presence in silence, but with a fierce and deadly purpose in his heart.

As he left her he chanced to meet the marquis coming from an opposite direction, and bent upon a visit to his betrothed. The cloud on the count's brow was too plain to be misinterpreted, and as he passed him, the marquis could not repress a low exultant laugh. The sound maddened the count, and turning furiously, he struck the successful lover a heavy blow across the

face with his open hand. Instantly the latter grasped his sword hilt, and half drew the weapon from its sheath, but, mastering his anger by a powerful effort, he said, coldly:

"Monsieur le comte, I shall have the honor of repaying this at some place more remote from the presence of a lady."

The count bowed coldly, for he, too, had recovered his self-possession, and went his way. In a few hours the whole matter was arranged. The parties were to meet the next morning in the forest belonging to the domain of the marquis. The weapons were to be pistols, and the count waived his right to the first fire, only stipulating that he should have the privilege of returning it at his leisure. To this the friend of the marquis readily agreed, as he knew that the count was famed for his skill as a marksman, and he was only too glad to obtain the first shot for his principal. The marquis was greatly surprised by this strange course on the part of the count, and at first suspected some foul play with him; but his friend assured him that the count was incapable of treachery, and advised him to do his best to put it out of the count's power to return the fire at all, which advice the marquis determined to follow as far as he could.

The next morning was cold and raw, and, a little after daylight, the principals and seconds, who had travelled fast the night before, assembled in the grand old woods adjoining the Chateau de Carrell. The marquis had asked that the meeting should take place here, because, if it should be his lot to be killed, he preferred to die at his old home. The parties arrived near about the same time, and saluted each other with ceremonious politeness. The ground was chosen, and the preliminaries gone through with.

As the principals were taking their places, the marquis paused, and, turning to the count, said:

"Monsieur, I have a wish to know why you have resigned the right of the first shot to me. Will you tell me?"

"It is merely a whim of mine," replied the count, coldly.

"A strange whim," said the marquis, "and one that will prove most unfortunate for you. I shall put it out of your power to return my fire, monsieur."

The count smiled sarcastically.

"Monsieur, you will miss me," he said, coldly. "I read it in your eyes. You are not cool enough for a perfect aim this morning. Such a meeting as this has unsteadied your nerves."

The smile and the words stung the marquis, and he rejoined, sharply:

"Take your place, monsieur. We shall see who is right."

If the count had desired to deprive the marquis of the coolness necessary to accuracy of aim, he had succeeded; for his words, which contained a doubt of his adversary's courage, had so angered the latter that he was very far from being either cool or calm. As they stood facing each other, the count's face still wore that smile which had maddened the marquis—a smile so full of contemptuous pity that it would, in that age, have been a sufficient provocation for a challenge.

The word was given, and the marquis fired. The ball whistled by the count's ear, and struck a tree back of him. He was untouched, and the smile had not for an instant left his face. As the marquis saw the result of his shot, his face paled for a moment. The thought that Julie was now lost to him forever rushed over him with bitter pain, for he did not doubt that the next instant would see the count's bullet in his heart.

The count saw this, and his eyes flashed exultantly. He raised his weapon, and took deliberate aim at his adversary, who was standing pale and calm, awaiting his doom. He hesitated a moment, and then let the weapon sink by his side.

"Go on, monsieur," said the marquis, coldly. "It is your turn now."

The count lowered the hammer of the pistol, and, to the surprise of every one, approached the marquis.

"Monsieur," he said, calmly, "you remember the terms of this meeting gave me the privilege of returning your fire at my leisure. I do not choose to return it now. Therefore I will await a more convenient opportunity."

"But this is most strange," began the marquis.

The count interrupted him.

"This is one of my whims, monsieur. I hold you to your agreement. Do not fear that I shall burden you with generosity. I shall assuredly return your fire, and you may expect me to do so at any moment—

only I shall shoot you at my leisure. I have the honor to bid you good-morning, monsieur."

With the mocking smile still on his face, the count took the arm of his second, and passed toward his carriage, which was waiting for him at the entrance to the grounds.

In spite of his surprise, the marquis could not help experiencing a feeling of relief at the unexpected issue of the affair. He had not doubted that the count would shoot him, and he could form no idea of his purpose in sparing him. He did not fear to die, but he was anxious to live and enjoy the love of Julie de Laguiel, and the new lease on his life was, for her sake, very pleasant to him. He passed several days at his chateau, arranging his affairs, as he meant to urge Julie to an immediate marriage. When he returned to Versailles he was still more astonished to learn that the Count de Valmy had departed for Italy.

Julie had heard of her lover's danger, and her welcome to him was very tender. He did not need to use much pleading, and he was fully seconded by the duchess, who was anxious that her niece should lose no time in becoming the Marquise de Carrell. So the wedding was fixed for an early day, and passed off with great splendor, the king himself giving away the bride, and feeling at heart glad to get rid of one whose presence was a quiet rebuke to the doings of his court.

After the marriage the marquis and his bride went to the old chateau to spend their honeymoon. Julie was charmed with her new home. It was just what she had always longed for, and the society of her husband made it a perfect heaven to her. So it happened that after the honeymoon was over they still tarried there. The marquis had lost his relish for the gayeties of the court, and he found his wife's society more charming than all the attractions Versailles could offer. Julie had completely reformed him, and he was rapidly becoming an exemplary husband and a very good man.

There was only one drawback to his happiness, and that was the thought of Count de Valmy. He had not seen him since the morning of that singular duel, and had not heard of him since his departure from France. Yet he could not forget that he owed the count the opportunity of returning his fire, and he did not doubt that the parting words of his adversary would yet be

fulfilled. As time wore on, and his happiness increased, this feeling deepened. He began to realize that his life was not his own, but that it was at the mercy of his adversary. When he rose in the morning he could never be sure that he would live to see the evening. This became a torture to him, so great, indeed, that it mingled its pain with all his pleasures. When Julie, looking forward to the future with hope and enthusiasm, would recount her numerous plans to him, he could only sigh, and wonder if he would live to join in them.

The time passed away rapidly, and a little Julie came to gladden the hearts of the marquis and his wife. She was the perfect image of her mother, having nothing to indicate her Carrell blood. This was a new source of happiness to her father, but with it came also the thought of the terrible uncertainty which attended it.

When the little one was six months old the long suspense came to an end. One afternoon, near sunset, the marquis was sitting in his library, reading, when a sound at one of the low windows, which opened on the lawn, caused him to look up. The sight which he beheld made him turn pale and gasp for breath. Standing in the window, with one foot resting on the sill, and the other on the floor of the room, was the Count de Valmy, with the same mocking smile on his face he had worn when the marquis had last seen him. He paused a moment to survey his victim, and then stepped into the room.

"Well, monsieur," he said, calmly, "I have kept my word, you see."

"This is infamous!" cried the marquis, hoarsely. "I will not receive your fire."

"Then, monsieur le marquis," said the count, coldly, "I will proclaim you all over France a coward and knave."

The count had touched the most sensitive point of a French noble, to whom honor was dearer than life. The marquis sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. This was the end of all his happiness—to die when life was so sweet, and when he had so much to live for. It was very hard, and unconsciously he groaned aloud. The count's face hardened.

"Come, monsieur," he said, sternly, "my time is brief."

The marquis raised his head. His face was pale and haggard, but there was no sign of fear in it.

"Monsieur," he said, with dignity, "one moment. Allow me to write a few lines to my wife. She knows nothing of the conditions of our meeting, and I wish to inform her of the cause of my death, and bid her adieu."

The count bowed, and the marquis, seating himself at his *escritoire*, wrote rapidly. When he had finished he folded and addressed the letter, and laid it on the table where it would be seen.

"Now, monsieur," he said, calmly, "I am ready. I have but one request. Be quick. My wife may come in here at any moment. God help her! This will be a heavy blow to her."

The count's brow clouded for a moment, but it was not with anger—it seemed more like pain. The marquis placed himself by the *escritoire*, and stood with his hand resting on it, and his eye fixed on a portrait of his wife, which hung opposite him. The count stepped back, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, raised it, and aimed deliberately at the marquis.

The door opened quietly, and Julie appeared, with her child in her arms. She was singing a merry song, and laughing at the little innocent, all unconscious of her husband's danger. As she saw the position of the two men she paused in affright.

"What means this?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Madame le marquise," said the count, coldly, "nearly two years ago, monsieur the marquis and myself met in the grounds of this chateau to settle an affair of honor in which we had become involved. I yielded to him the first fire, and thus voluntarily placed my life in his hands, simply reserving to myself the right to return his shot at my leisure. I did not choose to do it then. I said to myself I would wait until he was in the midst of the happiness you had denied me, and then I would come to him, and demand the fulfilment of our agreement. I have come. Your husband's honor is at stake. I beg you will not interfere."

"Monsieur," said Julie, calmly, her face as pale as that of the marquis who stood leaning heavily on the table, gazing at her, "my husband's honor is as dear to his wife as to himself. Only let me ask that when you have murdered him, you will also take my life, and complete your work."

As she spoke she placed herself by her husband's side. The count's face wore a smile, not the old mocking smile, but one utterly bewildering in its sweetness. He raised the pistol which he had lowered upon Julie's entrance, until it covered the body of the marquis. It moved higher and

higher until its aim no longer rested upon him; then it sank, and the cold ring of steel touched the temple of the Count de Valmy. A sharp report rang through the apartment, and with the smile still on his face, the count fell a corpse at Julie's feet.



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CLAY HOWARD.

BY BERNICE M'CALLY.

I WAS down at Marble Heights, rusticating. I had graduated only a few months before, and having made my *debut* at a grand ball given in my honor, society claimed me, and I found it to be an inexorable tyrant. Heartily sick of balls and fetes, I had scarcely breathing space before I was whirled off to Saratoga, to spend the summer. But, finding that my health was failing, my over-indulgent parents took me to Newport, thinking that the sea air might be beneficial; but they were disappointed. The fact is, I was disgusted with the hollow formalities of fashionable life, and the mockery of flirtations. So, easily persuading my father that dissipation did not agree with me, he started immediately in search of a quiet country spot, where I could have abundance of fresh air and healthful exercise. The result found me domesticated with a gentlemanly farmer and his wife, in the western part of New York.

It was a delightful spot, near the shore of a small lake. The scenery was picturesque. Just back of the house were two rocky hills, perfectly destitute of vegetation, and piled up with singular white-looking rocks—hence the name, Marble Heights.

As Mr. and Mrs. Alban were childless, they subjected me to a very pleasant species of petting. They called me Rose (my name is Rosamond), and even my own parents always called me Rose. They were continually talking to me of "their boy," who was, in reality, Mrs. Alban's nephew. He had been with them a great deal, but was now absent, travelling in the Western States.

The evening on which my story opens, I was reclining on a rustic seat near the veranda. I had just returned from a long walk on the lake-shore. My hair was down, my hat, filled with curious shells and pebbles, was beside me, my right sleeve was snugly tucked up out of my way, and I was putting the finishing touches to a crayon sketch of the Marble Heights. I raised my head hastily; was the staid piano-forte in the parlor bewitched? or what was the matter with it? Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Alban knew how to play, yet the instrument was sending forth rich harmonious chords, and weird thrilling sounds. I made a movement to rise, but sank back, as a man's voice sang:

Flee as a bird to your mountain,
 Thou who art weary of sin,—
 Go to the clear flowing fountain,
 Where you may wash, and be clean.
 Fly, for the avenger is near thee!
 Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,—
 He on his bosom will bear thee—
 Thou who art weary of sin!

He will protect thee forever,
 Wipe every falling tear,—
 He will forsake thee O never!
 Sheltered so tenderly there.
 Haste, then! the hours are flying,—
 Spend not the moments in sighing,—
 Cease from thy sorrow and crying,
 The Saviour will wipe every tear.

I can never forget the strange incomprehensible feeling that passed over me, when the player ceased. Although I acknowledged to myself that I had never heard so rare a voice, yet the impression it left was not one of pleasure. I pressed my hand to my heart, and shivered as if an icy breath had swept over me. I presently heard voices on the veranda—Mr. Alban saying:

"Have a cigar, my dear boy?" and the low quiet answer:

"Why, uncle, have you forgotten that I do not smoke?"

Then Mrs. Alban came to the door and asked, "Has not dear Rosa come in yet?"

"And who in the world is dear Rosa?" asked the stranger, interestedly.

I discreetly took advantage of the explanation to slip through a side door up to my room. I will candidly confess that I exchanged my walking-dress for one more stylish and becoming, put an extra bow of ribbon in my hair, and finished off by looking in the mirror. As I knew that Mrs. Alban would be alarmed at my long absence, I went down at once. I met her in the hall.

"Why, my dear!" she exclaimed, "I was about sending for you. Come in, tea is waiting, and I have a surprise for you—some one has come!"

"Indeed?" replied I; "who can it be?"

There he stood—let me write it again. There he stood!

"Our nephew, Clay Howard, Miss Neville," said Mr. Alban.

He bowed and said:

"Good evening, Miss Neville."

It had been said of me that I had a decided talent for conversation; but this evening

I could only sit silent. I, who had been the belle of fifty ballrooms, and coolly listened to the compliments of dozens of gentlemen, suddenly felt myself at a loss in the presence of this quiet-faced man who seldom smiled; and who, I was chagrined to observe, took but little notice of me. He turned toward me, after a while, and remarked that we were going to have some very fine weather. I replied that I did not know, but thought it very likely! If he observed my absurd embarrassment, he made no sign. The conversation turning upon the subject of horseback riding, he inquired:

"Do you ride, Miss Neville?"

I told him that I knew nothing whatever about managing a horse.

"Have I your permission to teach you to ride? If you will only allow me the pleasure, we will do away with these long fatiguing walks."

"I should be extremely grateful to you for such kindness," I replied, in a barely audible tone.

At this intelligence, Mr. Howard's eyes lit up with a pleasurable glow, and a rarely fascinating smile crossed his lips.

Immediately after this, he addressed his conversation to his aunt, and I fancied he had forgotten my existence.

Alone in my room that night, I sat and looked at my case clearly and impartially. I had always considered love at first sight an utter impossibility. In fact, for a girl of twenty, I had thought very little of love at all. I had flirted desperately, because it was the fashion, but I had never seriously cared for any one. I remembered a terrible flirtation with Clarence Rivers, which had turned out, on his part, to be in terrible earnest. I was not likely soon to forget the man, for he had told me some stern truths. These two men, Clarence Rivers and Clay Howard, were totally unlike. Clarence, with his smooth face and complexion of womanly purity, his handsome mouth and superb brown eyes, was the more fascinating of the two; yet when he had sworn undying love for me, I had laughed at him, and assured him he was talking nonsense, that love existed only in the fancy of poets and novelists. I recalled his parting words:

"Rosamond, I believe there exist some such pieces of clay as heartless women, but you are not one of them—you are too

young to know of what you are talking. Your time will come, and, O, when the ice about your heart is melted, you'll think of me then! Yes, you'll think of me then!"

Why was it that this night, so long after, I bowed my head on my hand, and murmured:

"Poor Clarence! he did love me, undoubtedly: and I pity him from my heart!" Why was it? Ah, I had met my fate, that was it? I had met the man who had laid hold of my heart with the iron hand of a master, and these are the concluding words of my self-examination, "I am a complete idiot to fall in love with a man on so slight an acquaintance, to yield up my heart before he has made an effort to be agreeable to me, much less sought my affection!" with which flattering encomium upon myself, I retired.

As the days passed on, I awoke to the painfully humiliating fact that Clay Howard avoided me. He was always studiously polite, attentive to every want, whenever we were thrown together, which was so seldom that I perpetually wondered at his tact. He rode with me every morning, and to pass the time away, he talked of his travels, and I verily believe would have talked politics, had I given him the ghost of encouragement! But my love for him grew stronger, until it was almost unendurable pain. Ah, me! the deep passion, the mad worship I poured out at his feet! Yet I felt that he was crushing my heart with relentless cruelty.

"Where is Mr. Howard?" I asked, carelessly, of Mrs. Alban, one evening, when the silence and the loneliness had become unbearable.

"I don't know, darling," she said. "I am grieved to see that you two get on so poorly together. I had hoped you would make it so pleasant for each other. Will you not tell me, dear, why you dislike each other so much?"

But, just then, a warning ahem! sounded from the veranda, informing us of Mr. Howard's nearness. I bit my lip with chagrin. To think he had heard me inquiring for him, and he coolly sitting just outside the window! it was too much! He came in presently, and I noticed that his face was paler and graver than usual, and his eyes wore a strangely gloomy expression. He asked me to play for him, but I refused, though I longed to play a dirge—the wail-

ing dirge of my dead hopes. Mrs. Alban being called from the room, we were left alone together.

Suddenly he rose, and crossing to my side, most unexpectedly to me, knelt at my feet, and taking my hand in his, pressed it to his lips, while his eyes sought mine with a sad beseeching gaze. His lip trembled slightly, as he said, in a passionate whisper, "O Rosamond, Rosamond! how can I live without you! God help me! even in my wildest anguish I cannot, dare not say, I would we had never met!"

The look of passionate yet hopeless love which burned in his eyes almost made me shudder. A black pall of despair settled over me, and without thinking, for I was incapable of thought, I suddenly felt that happiness was not for me. Not wishing him to know that he had caused me the deepest agony that one human being can possibly cause another, I hastily bade him good-night, and sought my room. My suffering was intense. Ah me! how much the human heart can bear of deep unutterable anguish, and still throb on! And through the weary hours I heard the tempter whispering, "He loves you! No matter what the mystery surrounding him, he loves you as he has never loved before!"

We met at breakfast, as usual, and though I glanced at him but once, the change that had passed over his countenance wrung my heart. His face was pallid, and his eyes were leaden, with dark lines beneath them.

"Are you going to ride to-day?" asked Mr. Alban.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Howard; and I knew that his eyes were fixed on my face.

I felt that I ought not to ride with him, but I knew this would be the last time, for my trunk was packed, and I had sent a despatch to my father to come for me immediately. So my heart pleaded sadly for one more ride.

"You are riding very carelessly," said Mr. Howard to me; "please hold your rein a little more tightly—why, Rosamond! what madness?" I had only given my horse a slight cut over the neck with my whip, but he was in a resentful mood. I suppose, for he tossed his head, took the bit between his teeth, and ran away with me. My head swam, my grasp of the bridle-rein relaxed, and I fell to the ground, stunned with fright, but unhurt, and my horse dashed on.

Although life had been very dark to me that morning, I had not for a moment wished that it might be taken from me; and in the moment of my extreme peril my first thought had been of the grief of my parents, should their only child be taken home to them dead. In a moment C'ay Howard was kneeling by my side. He raised my head on his arm.

"My darling! my precious love! O Rosamond, Rosamond!" His face was white as ashes, and his voice husky with emotion. He lifted me to my feet, and, still supporting me with his arm, while his eyes rested on my face with an expression of infinite tenderness, asked:

"O Rosamond, are you badly hurt?"

"I am not hurt at all; indeed, I feel quite myself now, thank you!" And I gently but firmly removed his arm, and stepped away from him. He gave me a look of reproach that pierced my heart.

"I don't think you have the slightest idea how much I love you," he said, very earnestly; "and I cannot endure suspense any longer. Do you love me?"

A thought of his strange conduct the night before kept me silent.

"Only one word, Rosamond," he pleaded; "do you love me?"

"Yes," I answered at last.

He grasped my hand convulsively, and a joyous light sprang up in his eyes; but a moment after I detected a shadow, as of pain, on his face, and a momentary compression of the lips. He said no more until we were ascending the steps to the veranda; then he said, hastily:

"Can I see you alone this evening? I wish to tell you something, and to ask you a question which vitally concerns my happiness."

"I will be in the parlor at six this evening," I answered; and as I spoke a strange chilling dread crept into my heart, a fear that I could not analyze nor understand.

Mr. Howard was waiting in the parlor when I entered. He rose hastily, and leading me to a seat, sat down beside me.

"Rosamond," he began, taking my hand in his, "I never knew the depth and power of my own heart until I met you!" Then he rested his head on his hand, and a pained annoyed expression flitted across his face. After a while he raised his head and looked me calmly, earnestly in the eyes. "Rosamond," he resumed, "I know that you love

me, and I thank God for this, the sweetest blessing of my life; and I look forward with rapture to the time when I can call you my wife, my own forevermore! But I have something to tell you which I fear will cause you great pain. You have, without a single effort, won my heart from its allegiance to another woman, whom, until I met you, I believed to answer all my needs, whom I thought I loved very earnestly. Rosamond, heart and soul I am yours! to live without you would be the darkest fate which Heaven could send; but O my darling, that fate should have dealt so unkindly by me! I am engaged to be married!"

I looked at him silently, feeling strangely as if I were turning to stone. If I could only have felt an atom of contempt, or even anger toward him, how gladly would I have welcomed it to my breaking heart! But alas! I loved him too madly for that.

"Rosamond, don't look so! O my love, you must not be so cruel as to let this make a change in your heart! All this occurred before I saw you. Will you not speak to me, darling?"

"Please tell me about it," I managed to articulate.

"My betrothed is a generous-hearted little girl, with sunny hair and laughing blue eyes. She trusts me fully—alas! what am I? Rosamond, do not shrink from me, do not turn your pure eyes away from me! God knows I have suffered! but I could not help loving you. Dearest, you have my story; will you be my wife?"

My heart was full of bitterest anguish. I tried to collect my thoughts, so I could speak calmly. It seemed so hard to have this happiness waiting for me, yet to feel that I had no right to accept it.

"It is a hard case to decide," I said, at length.

"Rosamond, you dare not prove so false to your own heart as to reject me! I love you, and I will never give you up. You are mine, I tell you! My heart is at your feet. O Rosamond, deal me mercifully with me! Tell me, will you be my wife?"

There he sat, looking at me, his blue eyes torturing me to madness. What was I to do? I tore my hands from his loving clasp, and rose.

"I will give you an answer as soon as I can," I said. "And let me assure you that, whatever my decision, I shall aim to deal truly with myself and mercifully with you."

Was ever a woman placed in so trying a situation? I could not endure the thought of wrecking another woman's happiness. Perhaps she would curse me, or, if she were too good for that, she might die of a broken heart, and who would answer for her murder? Had not I won her lover's heart from her?—without an effort, he had said, but I knew it was very far from the truth. If I resolved to reject happiness to which I had no right—God would help me doubtless to bear the burden; but would he forgive me for blighting a woman's life? The struggle was ended. I took a pen and wrote:

"MR. HOWARD,—I have decided the question. After this let there be eternal silence between us. Let the past be dead as my hopes; like them, have no resurrection! Go back to your betrothed, and tell her that out of the ruins of my fresh young life I have sent you, and pray her, for the sake of a suffering sister, to deal very tenderly with your tried and wounded heart. Above all, I pray that you may speedily forget the woman who deeply regrets having caused you a moment's pain. R. N."

I did not see him after that, but left the next morning at daybreak, and met my father at Auburn.

Two years had passed away. My father had removed to a distant State, and Clay Howard and I had not met since that night so long ago.

It was a pleasant afternoon in June. I was on board a steamboat bound from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. I was reclining in an easy-chair, reading, now and then, from a book I held in my hand, when, glancing up, I saw Clay Howard walking down the cabin, with a lady on his arm. I noticed that the lady was robed in black, and wore a long mourning veil; then a sort of mist blinded my eyes, and I raised my book, and seemed wholly absorbed in its contents. The lady passed on to a stateroom, and Clay was standing beside me. I felt his eyes on my face before I looked up.

"Rosamond!" he said, and O, how that remembered voice awakened the old agony in my heart! Yet how dared he speak my name?—and he a married man! I tried to look indifferent. I rose, and offering my hand, said:

"I am quite glad to see Mr. Howard."

And there he stood, holding my hand, and looking at me with such supreme and rapturous joy that I hardly dared to look at him. I raised my head haughtily, and I think my lip curled slightly as I requested him to release my hand.

"Rosamond," said he, in a low tone, "I have been all this time searching for you, and is this my greeting? You have made me suffer enough already, I think; yet you are cruel still! Rosamond, by the starry heavens that bend above us, I will die at your feet before I will leave you again!"

The scene was becoming painfully embarrassing. I knew not what to do.

"O Mr. Howard!" I groaned, "if you have an atom of respect for yourself, or me, leave me at once—go to your wife. O! how dare you be so unjust to her?"

He raised his hand, and—laughed!

"She will be out here presently," he said, composedly seating himself near me.

The stateroom door opened, and there, pale and altered, and looking ten years older than when I saw her last, stood—Mrs. Alban! She rushed into my arms, and, in the excitement, Clay withdrew; and the remainder of the short journey he sat with his back to the ladies' cabin, and read a newspaper. He knew his cause was not likely to suffer while his aunt bore me company.

When we met again it was in my own home. I dared not question him about his betrothal, but I think my eyes asked the question that faltered on my lips. He understood me, and smiled down into my eyes.

"She has been married a year and a half," he said, quietly; "while we—"

But pardon me, dear reader, my story is ended.

COURTING BY PROXY.

BY N. P. DARLING.

If there is any man in this world whom I admire, it is my cousin, Simpson Plumper, of New York. And I admire him simply for his excessive coolness and *sang-froid*, a quality which I am entirely destitute of. I have always looked upon my cousin with a sort of reverence, notwithstanding he is five years my junior. I have tried in vain to imitate him, but I find it impossible.

I am constitutionally bashful. I have blushed—a sort of chronic blush—ever since I came into the world. If there is anything that I feel sensitively, it is my inferiority to mankind in general, and Cousin Sim Plumper in particular. I never go into society, but I feel that all eyes are upon me. Of course that confuses me, and the consequence is, I make a blunder every time I attempt to move, if I feel that any one is looking at me.

But Cousin Sim never knew what it was to be bashful. It does my heart good to see him enter a room filled with young ladies. You would not suppose that he was aware of the presence of any one; and if any one speaks to him, he has an answer all ready upon his tongue's end. Alas! how different it is with me.

It is unnecessary for me to inform you that, at the age of thirty, I still remained a bachelor. I had never looked but one woman in the face in my life, and that was my mother. I had been into society some, of course. I did so—in fact, I forced myself to go—thinking by that means to overcome my bashfulness; but as I never appeared at a party without making at least a dozen blunders, you will easily understand that this did not have the desired effect.

Meantime, my cousin, who was but twenty-five, had been engaged in at least a score of flirtations, and had gained an enviable reputation among the fair sex. Every summer he came out to Rigglesby, with the intention, as he said, of curing me of my weakness; but in spite of all he could do, I still remained the same bashful mortal that I was in my sixteenth year. I never learned what to do with my feet and hands while in company; and I must confess that I experienced a feeling of envy, when I saw a

soldier who had suffered the loss of both legs and arms.

When I attained my thirtieth year, I gave up all hope of ever looking a woman in the face, and of course all the dreams that I had ever entertained of wedded joys vanished. "It is of no use," I said. "I know I never can gain the courage to ask a woman to marry me. And even if I did, I could not survive the wedding ceremony. I should probably faint away at the altar. I should be as apt, in my confusion, to put the ring upon the bride's toe as upon her finger. But I know that I never could go through with it."

I was walking down the main street of Rigglesby at the time these thoughts were passing through my brain. It was a cold day in January, and I was wrapped up tightly in overcoat and furs. I was so deep in my reverie, that I paid little attention to the passengers upon the street, or the course I was taking. Suddenly I found myself in close juxtaposition to a woman. We had collided. Her nose was within three inches of mine! What an awful proximity! I blushed to the roots of my hair.

"Beg pardon, miss," I stammered.

"It was my fault, sir; I did not notice where I was going," she answered, in a voice as sweet as four nightingales.

I could say nothing in reply, and if she had not moved on just then, I think I should have sunk through the pavement. I turned to look after her. She looked back at the same moment, and smiled. O, that smile! O, the glory of those dark eyes—methinks I see them now!

You will easily understand that this young lady had made an impression upon me that never could be effaced. Her image was enshrined in my heart forever. She was the first young woman of whose face I had ever got a fair view. I thought I saw the finger of Fate in this. I felt that this young woman was destined to be my wife some day. But how? Ah, there was the rub!

When I reached home, I asked my mother if there were any new arrivals in town.

"Why, yes; there's a family come to live in the Edwards house. I believe they have bought it."

"Do you know the name?" I asked.

"Gogglei, I believe."

"What a very euphonic name! Are there any young ladies in the family?"

"One—a daughter. Quite pretty, I understand."

"Pretty? Beautiful, you mean?" I cried.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes; I met her upon the street to-day."

"Did you dare look up?" mother asked, smiling.

So I told her about our meeting.

"I think that meeting was predestined, mother."

"But that will be the end of it, Augustus. You never will dare to look into her eyes again."

"Mother," I exclaimed, seized with a sudden impulse, "I mean to marry her!"

My mother smiled, and so our conversation ended. Of course she knew how it would be; but I had inwardly made some very strong resolves, and I *meant* to carry them out.

For weeks after that I haunted the street, hoping to get just one glance at this beautiful woman, but without success; and so at last, in a fit of desperation, I accepted an invitation to attend a party at Mrs. Swingletoe's.

I did attend the party. By a series of somersaults I managed to obtain a seat in one corner of the room, and there I sat, blushing like a red, red rose, with my eyes fixed upon the figure in the carpet. No one molested me, for most all of them knew my weakness, and knew that I should consider it a favor to be let alone. By sly glances from the corners of my eyes, I gained a general idea of what was going on. Miss Gogglei was at the piano, surrounded by half a dozen gallants. O, that I could only muster courage to take my place among them, and contend for the prize! But it made my head swim to think of it.

At last, she turned from the piano. I felt that her eyes were upon me, and the warm blushes mantled this sunny brow. I began to perspire freely. Truly, this was such agony as I had not counted upon. I was meditating whether it would not be best for me to make one rush for the door, and so escape my torments, when I heard Mrs. Swingletoe's voice.

"Mr. Tarbox," she began, "I wish to make you acquainted with Miss Gogglei. Miss Gogglei, Mr. Tarbox."

I sprang to my feet. What I did do, I knew I must do quickly. Casting a hurried glance at Miss Gogglei's beautiful face, I made the most awkward bow that I believe I had ever made in my life.

"I think we have met before, Mr. Tarbox," she said, holding out her hand.

"Yes," I stammered, at the same time advancing to take her hand; but as my ill luck would have it, my foot caught in a lady's crinoline, and I fell into Miss Gogglei's arms.

"This reminds me of our first meeting," she said, laughing.

Unlucky words! Without heeding my entanglement, I sprang for the door, and fell in a heap under the table. There was a suppressed titter around the room. Miss Gogglei giggled mellifuously. I shut my eyes tight, and rolled out of the door. Seizing my hat and coat, I rushed out of the house and hurried home.

"My usual luck, mother," I cried, as I entered the house. "I have been introduced to Miss Gogglei, and of course I gave her a specimen of my 'grand and lofty tumbling.'"

I did not stop for words of consolation, but went immediately to my room. For full half an hour I sat, considering my situation. Never having loved a woman before, I think I entertained the most highly-concentrated affection for Miss Gogglei, that man ever did for woman. And now must I give her up? It was terrible to think of. In all probability, I had disgraced myself in her eyes forever.

"But then," said I, "it may not be so. If she is a sensible woman, she will understand my weakness, and perhaps pity me. Pity is akin to love, they say. I will not give up all hope—she may yet be mine. But then, I could never survive a long courtship. Well, what use of a courtship at all? I love her already. All I need ask her, is simply if she will be my wife. But ah, I could never do that. O, ho! I have it now. I'll send for Cousin Sim Plumper. He'll make short work of it for me."

I sat down at once, and wrote to my cousin, telling him to come immediately; and then, in a very hopeful condition, I retired for the night. Three days after that, Sim arrived. He came just in time for

dinner, and after that was discussed, we repaired to my apartments.

"Well, what's up now?" asked Sim, throwing himself upon the lounge.

"My dear Sim," I said, blushing, "I am in love."

Plumper whistled.

"Don't say so!"

"Fact!"

"Well, what next?"

"I want you to help me."

"My dear Tarbox," said he, "if there is any way in which I can serve you, I shall be most happy to do so."

"I knew you would, Plumper."

"But what can I do?"

"Do?" Why, my courting, of course."

"Ha, ha! Well, that is good. Do your courting! Who will do my courting meantime?"

"Do that yourself."

"Ah!" Plumper mused a moment. "Do I understand you to say that I may do your courting and my own at the same time?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Very well. I agree. Now who is the lady upon whom you have set your affections?"

"Miss Matilda Gogglei."

"Ha! Gogglei! Is she as beautiful as her name seems to warrant?" Plumper asked, laughing.

"Beautiful as Venus!" I exclaimed.

"But you will see her, and that will be better than any description that I can give you."

So it was settled. That same day Plumper called upon his friend, Miss Vickins, and together they called upon Miss Gogglei. When he returned I was walking the floor with impatient strides.

"What success?" I asked, as he came in.

"Good. I've gained a footing."

"Did you mention my name?"

"Of course. I told her that we were cousins. But she is handsome, Tarbox."

"You are not smitten?" I asked, in some alarm.

"O no, not bad, I guess. Impressions don't strike very heavy on my heart," he replied, laughing.

Next day he called again. I waited anxiously for his return, but he seemed in no hurry to leave such good company. When he did come, his face was all aglow.

"Getting along swimmingly, Tarbox. Told her all your good qualities, my boy.

She asked why you didn't call with me."

"Did she?"

"O yes. Said she'd met you twice. Placed a good deal of emphasis on the word met. Said you seemed to be a very active young man, and wondered if you had ever travelled with a circus."

I blushed violently, for I had never told Plumper of our meeting.

"You must call with me, the next time I go there."

"No, Plumper, not just yet—not till you have settled it."

"Very well," he answered; "I'll do the best I can for you, my dear Tarbox."

And so my courting went on. Every day I received fresh encouragement from Cousin Plumper. I was very anxious that an understanding should be reached as soon as possible.

"No," Sim said. "Haste may spoil all. My motto is to always keep cool. There's no use in hurrying such matters. I'll let the knowledge of your love dawn upon her gradually, my boy. It will be much more agreeable to her, I assure you. You don't want to storm a woman's heart. Best way to take it is by siege."

Of course Cousin Sim knew best about such matters, and so I let him have his own way. A month passed away. I had almost exhausted my patience, when one day Plumper came running into my room.

"I've proposed!"

"You have?" I cried. "And the answer?" becoming highly excited.

"She accepts."

I was quite overcome with joy.

"O my darling Matilda!" I cried, in rapturous accents. "I shall at last clasp thee in these arms! I shall feel thy warm kisses on my lips! I shall hear thy sweet voice telling me that thou lovest me! I shall—I shall blush myself to death in thy dear arms, with my head pillowed upon thy snowy bosom! O Matilda—my darling, my adorable Gogglei, come to my heart!"

My transports were so great that I sank upon the lounge, completely exhausted.

"Tell me all about it, Plumper. Tell me all about it. Tell me in her own words, just as they fell from her ruby lips."

Cousin Sim took a seat beside me on the lounge.

"Calm yourself, my boy. You seem to be greatly agitated."

"Well, I am calm now. Go on."

"Ahem! My dear Tarbox, when I undertook this task, I didn't understand how difficult I should find it," Plumper began. "Ahem! I would not have attempted anything of the kind for another man. But you know I'd be willing to do almost anything for you that I could with *honor* perform. Ahem! I have spoken of you, my dear Tarbox, many times, and always in terms of the highest praise. Miss Goggle has always listened to me with the greatest composure. To-day I renewed the subject. First, I told her of your remarkably saint-like disposition, then of your noble intellect, and lastly, of your great wealth. I told her that I thought you would make a model husband and father. Any woman, I said, might be proud of such a man.

"He's one of a thousand, Miss Gogglel," said I. "There are very few like him."

"I think you are right, Mr. Plumper," she answered. "Very few like him. I have met him twice."

"I am glad you think so, Miss Gogglel, for I have come to you with a proposal of marriage from Mr. Tarbox," I replied.

"From Mr. Tarbox!" Matilda exclaimed.

"Yes, from Mr. Tarbox."

"O!" and she sighed. "I thought it was from you!"

"Would it make any difference if it was?" I asked, taking her hand (in your place, you know, my dear Tarbox). "Would it make any difference—dear?" (I knew you would have me address her thus).

"Yes," she replied, leaning her head upon my shoulder—doubtless forgetting that it was *not* your shoulder, my dear Tarbox. "Yes, it would make all the difference in the world."

"Well?" I questioned.

"Why, I would marry you; but I could not think of accepting the proposal of Mr.

Tarbox, though I thank him all the same."

"Simpson Plumper!" I shrieked, springing up.

"Wait a moment, my dear Tarbox; I have not finished." Plumper was exceedingly cool—altogether too much so, I thought; but I resumed my seat. "Well, as I was saying, my dear Tarbox, she said she would marry me."

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Ditto," said I. "When shall we be married?"

"Whenever you choose."

"I folded her in my arms, and ki—"

"Simpson Plumper!"

"Keep cool, my dear fellow. You are too excitable, Tarbox. I kissed those ruby lips that you spoke of a moment ago, and, between you and I, Tarbox, it was the most blissful of anything I ever experienced."

"Mr. Plumper!" I yelled. "Are you a man of honor?"

"I'm noted for my honor, my dear boy; but don't get excited—keep cool," Plumper said, patting me on the shoulder.

"And you are going to marry her?"

"I hope to. Did you not say that I might do your courting and my own at the same time?"

"Yes," I groaned.

"Well, ahem! I did," with something that sounded very much like a chuckle.

That was all. I had no particular desire to hear any more. Plumper and Miss Gogglel were married shortly after, and I believe are living very happily at his home in New York at the present time.

I am a bachelor still, and Plumper and I are the best of friends; but, between you and I, dear reader, I shall either do my own courting in future, or let it go undone.

COUSIN ADELAIDE.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

PAUL GRAHAM and Lily Livingstone stood upon the threshold of life, the fortunate possessors of youth, wealth and beauty. Paul, whose heart was so full of gentle tenderness, and whose character was so noble, had counted ten summers, when Lily was given to the fond parents, who thought her beauty of so pure a type, that they named her Lily. "*My Lily!*" Paul Graham called her from the first—and was allowed to do so, because of his utter loneliness in the world, so far as kith and kin were concerned. Mr. Livingstone was the nearest relative, and his relationship so distant that he hesitated before assuming the responsibility of guiding a boy with so large a fortune in prospect—through the years of childhood and boyhood, to man's estate. *My Lily!* Paul had said in her cooling, growing babyhood; not "*my sister,*" as many boys would have done, for he was not one to make false pretences; but *my Lily*, and had kept up this claim, until the Lily bud unfolded the white leaves of purity, and stood upon the threshold of womanhood, his promised wife.

Henry Denton, a friend who had been with Paul in old college days, was his guest for the evening, and the three were enjoying an after-dinner chat.

"You are expecting Fernald, I hear," said Denton, addressing Paul.

"I am, and regret his coming just at this time, when Lily is daily expecting her cousin Adelaide. Fernald was engaged to her in his bachelor days."

"A widower, now, is he not?"

"Yes. I do not anticipate anything, but Lily thinks it may prove a little unpleasant."

"Did Fernald break the engagement, or your cousin? Tell me the story, Miss Lily."

"He did, and she was quite broken-hearted, I assure you. It was six, seven, well, it must have been eight years ago, for Adelaide will be twenty-eight this autumn."

"How long has she been abroad?"

"Eight years. She was just twenty, and uncle took her away just before Ned's wedding. She was, as I said, quite broken-hearted—indeed, I should hardly wonder to

see her quite an old maid, with gray hair."

"But, Lily dear," interrupted Paul, "your cousin has had quite time enough to get over a disappointment of that kind, and as to her growing gray, even heroines seldom go to such lengths at twenty-eight."

"I see you are laughing at me, Paul, and I will not indulge you in making me ridiculous."

"You are quite right, Miss Lily. How long since Fernald buried his wife?"

"Two years. He was, I think, disappointed somehow."

"Had she money?"

"Yes, and influential friends, but I think they never pushed him on quite as he expected; where he was when he married, he is to-day; he has never seemed to get on beyond a certain point."

"What do you know of your cousin lately?"

"Little or nothing. Three years ago uncle died, and since that time Adelaide has been to the world's end with the Thorntons."

"Had she great beauty?"

"She was the beauty of the family, until the ending of that affair with Fernald; but she had lost much of her beauty when she went away, was quite faded, in fact, and utterly indifferent to all the beautiful things her father purchased for her. I hope she is not so now. After so long a residence abroad, I would like to have her make *something* of an appearance. If mother had lived she could have advised her. I am so much younger I can't even make suggestions.

In pleasant chat the evening passed away, Denton bidding his friends good-night at an early hour, leaving them to enjoy an hour of sweet companionship.

Mr. Fernald came first; a man of thirty, fitful, uncertain; brilliant and keen at times; then cold and impassive; possessing, when he chose to exert it, a rare fascination of manner; but often revealing the cold cynical side of his nature; attracting one moment, only to repel the next; so entertaining one hour that it was strange to find him dull the next. A different man altogether from

the careless Fernald his friends remembered.

It was not long before she came—Adelaide.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton were with her, and Mrs. Thornton made a remark when leaving, which Lily resented; it was: "After keeping her all these years, to say she belongs to them; I think now we have her again we'll keep her."

The day of the arrival was wet; there was an easterly wind, and a fine mist made the air heavy. Adelaide wore a thick waterproof, and the hood was drawn closely around her face, as she ascended the staircase; not a faded face, certainly, and the hair rolled back in glossy waves was not gray.

When she came down she was dressed for dinner. A silk of peacock blue, a fall of soft lace about the throat and wrists, with ornaments of plain gold, was the dress she had chosen. Nothing elaborate to surprise one, this, her first dinner at home, but the rare development of mind and person, and of this she seemed unconscious.

She had not taken her seat when she saw Fernald.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a slight tone of surprise, "Mr. Fernald! I had not expected the pleasure of meeting you. Is Mrs. Fernald—" she hesitated, seeing something in Lily's face of inquietude, while Lily said:

"Ada, dear, then you have not heard of Mrs. Fernald's death?"

"Indeed, no! You will, I hope, Mr. Fernald, kindly pardon my hasty inquiry." Then in a tone of apology, "I have been so long absent, I know very little of my friends."

Edward Fernald bowed an acknowledgment of pardon, but at the same time felt, and showed that he felt, piqued that this woman, whose love he had sacrificed, yet whose loveliness had been an ever-present thought, and her sorrow a never-ending regret, had not thought, in the many letters she had sent across the Atlantic, to make one inquiry for him.

"Had your wife a long illness, Mr. Fernald?"

"No."—"Yes."

That one word, and she asked no more questions, thinking the subject a painful one, and with adroit tact changed it, leading the conversation away from everything belonging to the past, to things of the present, to things seen and heard in other lands, and

amusing incidents during the homeward voyage.

And then the dinner-bell rang, and Paul gave her his arm, leaving Lily to go out with Mr. Fernald.

"How charming!" Adelaide remarked, as she entered the dining-room. "I have not had a home feeling before since we left Florence, a year ago. There, Mr. Thornton managed to live much as we do at home."

"You were with the Thorntons a long time."

"Yes, five years."

"They have no children, I think!"

"Did Lily never tell you of Claude?"

This in a tone of surprised inquiry, and a look across the table at Lily.

"I told Paul and every one, that you were with friends of your father's, people we had not met; but boys do not interest me, and that is why I never mentioned theirs." The explanation was given somewhat coldly, for Lily Livingstone had not yet forgotten the way Mrs. Thornton seemed to appropriate her cousin Adelaide.

For the first time Adelaide laughed aloud.

"Excuse me, Lily, if I seem to be laughing at you, but I can hardly realize yet that my life for the last eight years has been lived so far away from you all, that I am almost, and my friends quite, unknown to you. Claude Thornton was thirty last summer."

"Why, Adelaide! I did not think Mrs. Thornton more than thirty."

"O, Mrs. Thornton is a second wife. We were both sorry to leave Florence; it was pleasant spending the mornings in Claude's studio."

"He is an artist?" Paul questioned.

"Yes, how stupid I am to forget that you do not know him."

Fernald, without giving Paul time to answer, said:

"We all understand how much we have lost, Miss Phelps. When shall we have the honor of being introduced to your new friend?"

There was a touch of cool sarcasm, she could not but notice, in the tone, and she answered with some spirit:

"People are not supposed to have lost what they never had, and if you will allow me, Mr. Fernald, I will correct a slight error of yours. Mr. Claude Thornton is not a new friend. I shall not have the pleasure of in-

roducing you to him for some time yet, as he remains in Florence." Then, without giving him time to reply, she addressed herself to Lily.

"Do you know, dear, it makes me feel old to see you doing the honors, you were such a child when I went away."

Soon after dinner she excused herself on the plea of fatigue, and Mr. Fernald saying he had an engagement, left Paul and Lily alone.

As the hall door closed, Lily gave a sigh of relief; the first meeting of her friends who loved each other once was over, and without unpleasant results; her responsibility as hostess appeared much less than it had seemed before dinner.

"Paul," she said, "my cousin seems quite another person, does she not? I loved Adelaide dearly, but hardly seem to know her now; there seems to be something superior about her. I wonder if Mr. Fernald thinks so, too?"

"Do you think she dyes her hair?" asked Paul.

"Making me ridiculous again. Of course not; she is by far the handsomest woman in our set. My wish will be gratified; I wanted her to make an appearance, and she will. I'll never believe in broken hearts again."

Then because he had for a moment felt a desire to laugh at the dear girl so soon to be his wife, Paul Graham drew her nearer, and pressed a fond kiss upon her brow.

Mr. Fernald's engagement seemed of little importance, or else was completely forgotten, as the tide of memory surged backward, for he met no friends as he wandered aimlessly along, soliloquizing in this manner, heedless of the misty rain:

"'Tis a strange fate which has thrown us together, in the same house, too. I should never have sought her after what happened; but now, who knows what may happen? A man's pity was never more wasted than mine was on her; the thought of her grief has haunted me continually. She had not even heard of Caroline's death, or else she was acting. She is a more superb woman than even her girlhood promised. I've never forgotten, and never shall, the night we parted; such intensity of grief. I doubt if she loves me now, but I will win her again, I swear it!"

The next morning at breakfast Fernald was grave, Miss Phelps courteous; the little attentions he offered she accepted; but the

manner in which they were offered, and received, might have been the same, had they met for the first time the day before; this reserve increasing with every day, until they seemed to become almost strangers.

Of her life before going abroad, Adelaide seemed to be unconscious; her past, as far as conversation went, consisted only of the years she had been absent, and the life she had lived with the Thorntons.

Occasionally a letter, bearing a foreign postmark, was handed her, which was quietly laid aside unopened, and taken with her to her room when she was ready to go there, but whither she never went immediately.

Once Fernald said:

"Miss Phelps, your lover is evidently a good correspondent."

A look from her eyes into his, quick, questioning, with something of an angry light, then:

"Of whom were you speaking, Mr. Fernald?"

"Of Mr. Thornton; Claude, as you call him." This with a touch of bitterness in the tone.

The remark remained unanswered, as the servant at that moment announced Mr. and Mrs. Thornton.

"Good-morning, Adelaide! good-morning Mr. Fernald! How deliciously cool you are here. A morning like this makes one think of the country," said Mr. Thornton, while Adelaide took Mrs. Thornton's hat and shawl, giving her a seat by the window.

"Making yourself comfortable for a visit, I see," he continued. "Mr. Fernald, you can't do better than take a drive with me."

The invitation was accepted, and Claude Thornton's father and Adelaide Phelps's old lover took a long drive; during which, the elder wondered why he had not before understood how entertaining a man the younger was, and what an acquisition he would be in a country house.

Before they returned, the invitation had been given, and accepted. Edward Fernald had gained a great deal, and he knew it; for Adelaide Phelps would spend the summer with the Thorntons, and what place so likely to throw them together in close companionship, as the quiet of a country house?

On Mr. Thornton's part, the error was an innocent one, as he had not heard the story of the old engagement; in fact, knew nothing of Adelaide's life previous to the death

of her father, who had been one of his friends in boyhood. That evening Mr. Fernald was something more than courteous to Miss Phelps. Showing only the sunny side of his nature, he seemed a man above the moods which made him so hard to understand.

Once Adelaide looked up surprised; as she saw the man on this evening, she remembered him years ago, and wondered what had driven away the moods habitual to him now, and restored the sunny nature of his earlier years. She was beginning to study him; previous to this, she had shown only indifference, now she had been a little surprised, nothing more; but with even this slight interest the man was satisfied.

Paul and Lily were married in June, and went to a summer residence in the vicinity of the Thorntons. The bride was lovely, as all brides are, but as she is not our heroine, her wedding must be passed over hastily. After the wedding, Adelaide went, as she had promised, to the Thorntons. It was not long before Edward Fernald was there also; there were no other visitors, and there was something of reserve between these two, which troubled Mrs. Thornton not a little; and so after a time she resolved to speak to Adelaide, and sent for her to come to her morning-room. Another unconscious error, committed in the kindness of her heart, and for which we will not make her in the slightest degree accountable. "Adelaide," she said, "I sent for you to see if you can suggest anything new in the way of amusement to-day; our guest has been with us a week, and does not seem quite well. I must not say Mr. Fernald seems discontented; he is a gentleman too well-bred to allow such a feeling to become apparent; but I must say he does not seem happy as I would like him to, while he is our guest. What is it, Adelaide?"

"One of his moods," Lily would say, "was the reply, indifferently given.

"Indeed! Is he then hard to understand?" she asked; "you have known him longer than I."

"Yes, but not as he is now; the years have changed him, and his wife's death has an effect doubtless; let the man go his own way; he seems happy enough at times."

"True; but while he is here I would like to have the time pass pleasantly, just so he will not seem bored in our company. And, Adelaide, don't misunderstand me, dear;

you know you are everything we could wish for dear Claude, but I think your dislike for Mr. Fernald rather unfortunate, and something you might overcome. I have depended so much on you to help entertain him. You are not displeased?"

"Displeased with you, and on Edward Fernald's account? Not at all, and I have, I will admit, forgotten my duty to you; to make amends as far as possible, I will go to my room, and see if I can think of any way to amuse our visitor when he comes in. He went out with Mr. Thornton."

Saying this, and kissing her friend, she went up stairs, opened her writing-desk, took therefrom Claude's last letter, reproaching herself because she had allowed it to remain unanswered.

"I fully intended to answer it this morning, but Mrs. Thornton has detained me so long, and now she asks me to entertain Ned. I really have not the time now. I am sorry if my indifference has made me seem to dislike him; I do not. I doubt if a woman can really dislike a man she once loved as I did him; she may become indifferent, as I have. I hope he does not think the miserable ending of our old engagement makes me avoid him.

"There they are now! and I am not ready. Mrs. Thornton will think I have been idling, as indeed I have."

A white dress with innumerable tucks and ruffles, a broad black sash, loosely knotted at the side, was the dress she had chosen, when she resolved to do Mrs. Thornton's bidding, and make herself agreeable to their guest. White was what he best liked to see her wear, in the old days, and did she recollect that he admired scarlet rosebuds half open, when she placed one in her hair before descending? wondering as she went, if he would be in one of his "moods," and feeling sorry he had lost the wife for whom he had forsaken her. She found him on the broad old-fashioned doorstep, and approaching, said:

"You seem thoughtful. Do you ever think aloud, Mr. Fernald?"

"Sometimes, if my listener is interested."

"As I will be. Of what were you thinking?"

She had never spoken so much like herself, or rather like the girl he remembered, and he replied:

"Of the past—yours and mine."

She had not thought of an answer like

this; his coupling their names together in this manner was too much for the generosity she had been disposed to show him, and hearing it, she drew back.

"You need not be alarmed, nor offended, Adelaide."

Adelaide! this was, indeed, dropping all ceremony, faster than she liked, but he continued:

"Surely, in this country-house, where all call you Adelaide, you will not oblige me to say Miss Phelps. When we are alone, as now, you will not refuse so small a favor, I think."

The man's nature asserted itself; his strong will held her for that moment captive; she could not refuse this man, who loved her once, what she would possibly have yielded to another; so she answered, quietly:

"I suppose it does not matter;" then changed the subject by saying, "I am going to speak to Mr. Thornton about driving over to Lily's to eat strawberries, to-night, that is, if you would like it."

It was the first effort she had made to entertain him, and he replied:

"Do so by all means; nothing would give me greater pleasure."

Mrs. Thornton favored the arrangement, glad that Adelaide had conquered her dislike for Mr. Fernald sufficiently to be willing to help entertain a visitor whose moods she could not understand.

The sun was sinking behind mountains of gold, when our little party reached Lily's happy home, where they received a warm welcome. They made a pretty picture. Paul, manly, tender, and somewhat proud of his fair young wife; Lily, gentle, confiding, yet with enough of dignity to do the honors pertaining to strawberries and ices, with becoming grace.

After this, Miss Phelps was more companionable, and only the sunny side of Mr. Fernald's nature revealed itself, save at rare intervals, and then the mood was not indulged in for any length of time.

One morning a letter from Claude was handed to Adelaide, in his presence. The cloud was over him, and he said, bitterly:

"You played your best card to win Claude Thornton, Adelaide! I would hardly have given you credit for so much worldliness. I remember when you were a trusting girl."

Did he also remember how that trust had been betrayed? The words stung her proud

sensitive spirit. He had now added insult to the injury of years gone by.

Why could she not rise above the recollection of all she had suffered for him; and think only of the purer love another had since given her?

How little he understood her, after all! To her, the past and all connected with it was dead. Why had they met again to recall to her mind so much that was painful? The rich color swept in a crimson flood over the face but a moment since colorless, then she asked:

"Do you judge every one by yourself?"

The words were spoken; a moment after, she would have given her life to have had them unspoken: it was beneath her to question the motives of the man who had repaid her devotion with ingratitude.

"By myself, Adelaide! Do you then think—"

"What I think of the past hardly concerns you now; for the future you will oblige me—"

"By not calling you worldly, I suppose you would say; but then, you know you will have a much better position as Claude Thornton's wife than you would have had—as mine."

"Edward Fernald, how dare you?" she exclaimed, an unmistakable expression of scorn upon her face—then continued:

"The past is dead. Let even the remembrance of it die also."

"But if it will not?"

"It will; it has."

"You mistake, it can never die; in your heart, as in mine, it will live forever! You may, most likely will, marry Claude Thornton; but it will be because his life has been a success, while mine has in every way been a miserable failure. Once I was ambitious; were I so now, I would yet become all that I might have been. As it is, I care little."

The defiant spirit had left him, he was sad, and Adelaide was no longer angry. She sorrowed for the man she once loved. Once! How now?

She hardly dared question but Claude loved her, and was, she well knew, more worthy her love than the weak man before her.

After a momentary silence, she said:

"Edward, you speak in bitterness, and I understand how little you knew me, when you make such an assertion. The hasty words you have spoken I forgive, because

once I loved you. I was, as you said a few moments since, a trusting girl. Losing faith in you, I had nearly lost faith in all. Until a life was revealed to me, day by day, and hour by hour, so noble in thought, so unselfish in action, that I was involuntarily lifted above the faithlessness I had indulged in. This man, so noble, so true, I love because of that nobleness and truthfulness; not for the wealth he has in prospect, or the position he has won for himself."

"Then I, so inferior, have nothing to hope?"

"Nothing, if indeed your hopes rest on me; but, in regard to the future, I would like to know your plans."

"Plans, Adelaide! To drift along in some way to the end! Everything, all my life, has proved a failure, and now I have failed again."

"But surely, you have known since I came home—"

"Yes, that an engagement existed between Mr. Thornton and yourself. That you loved him, I never believed. Accept my good wishes for your future happiness."

"I will, and now may I tell you my wishes, in regard to yourself? I shall speak with great frankness."

"You may."

"Your youth gave promise of such great things. I would wish to see you first in your profession—a leader, not an idler, among men. You are in reality wasting your best days, and for what? A shadow, nothing more, and it pains me, your friend, to see you so unlike the man I made a hero of."

"Adelaide, I would do anything for your sake; but let me ask you, are you quite sure you do not mistake your own heart? You have, naturally enough, grown to think less of me, and more of Thornton. He had every advantage over me; not only wealth and position, but he was with you constantly. Is it not just possible, that meeting as we have, I may regain my old place in your affections; that is, if, as you say, you are influenced by worldly motives?"

His eyes were looking into hers; those eyes, large, dark and full of power; his hand, full of a subtle magnetism, clasped her own. Her nobler aspirations seemed yielding to the impulse of the moment; the old happy days of her girlhood came back to her; the life she had since lived became as a dream, from which she had not fully

awakened. To this man she had once promised herself; he was only claiming his own; she was powerless to resist his will. He saw the advantage gained, and bending low, whispered:

"I knew you loved me."

The spell was broken; she had awakened from the glamour falling over her, and her loyal heart turned to the present. Was Claude to suffer as she had suffered? and this man, who said he loved her, as once he said years before, to be made happy through the sorrow of that generous heart? Never! At length she spoke:

"If for a moment the past came too much before the present, it was but natural. A woman is often weak, and through that weakness mistaken. There is no possibility of crossing out from our lives the years since you became Miss Granger's husband, and I the promised wife of Claude Thornton."

"That the past has memories I will not deny. I thought them dead, crushed out forever from our life. You have taught me that they still live; with this knowledge be content, and know that I shall always regret your not having made the most of the talents God has given you."

"You shall not regret it always! I will make the most of them, and if I cannot win your love, will at least command your respect. I shall leave here to-morrow; letters of importance will excuse me to the family."

But in the morning there came a messenger from Lily. Adelaide must come to her, and Mr. Fernald. There had been a fearful railroad accident, and Paul was among the killed.

"You wish me to accompany you?" he asked, looking in her pale scared face.

"How can you ask?" she said. "Certainly, I do."

A still summer morning; dew on the grass, a slight fog, which the sun was fast clearing away; meadows in the valley, mountains rough and rugged. A beautiful scene, but all unnoticed by the two who slowly approached the house, from which the sunlight had been suddenly let out.

Before entering, Mr. Fernald said:

"I will not leave you to-day, and this great sorrow of poor Lily's shall be a new bond between us. It shall be one of friendship. You will forgive the past."

And so he remained, doing for them all

that the kindest, most considerate brother could have done; and did not leave them till the young widow returned to her father's house, accompanied by her cousin Adelaide; returning after a time to his old room in the house, which, however, he occupied but little, as he had taken an office, where he was to be found early and late. Old clients, who had not thought of him since his return to the city, were reminded of him through his able pleading for new ones; his speeches were more brilliant than heretofore, and, as time passed, in fact, before the winter was over, Mr. Fernald was recognized everywhere as a rising man.

Lily, in her weeds, lived in the strictest seclusion. Miss Phelps did not go out alone, but Mr. Fernald accepted most of the many invitations sent him. The conversation at Mrs. Thornton's in the summer was never alluded to. Adelaide was troubled with no love-making, but she had ever near her a kind friend, ready to do her bidding always; entertaining her with news of the gay world outside. An idler no longer, a man working with a purpose, and she knew it. Was it fate that they should be domesticated together for such a length of time?

But six months had passed since her return to America, and already her face had lost the look of repose it then wore. She said the climate was unfavorable, and had always affected her when a child. Lily saw the change, and was troubled, but did not dare mention it to Adelaide, who was in every way so loyal to Claude.

Of Mr. Fernald she did speak. The most severe snowstorm of the season was raging, and he had not come in to the six o'clock dinner. Later, when they were seated before the grate, she said:

"Nine o'clock, and Ned not come in yet! I wish, Adelaide, you would tell him he is working much harder than he ought to."

"I tell him, Lily! Why do not you tell him yourself?"

"And have no notice taken of my wise remarks. Ned treats me quite like a child. *Will you speak to him, Adelaide?* you know he is not strong, and his life was formerly so idle and aimless, this intense excitement is not well for him. I know I can't but feel interested, he has been so kind to me, in all my trouble."

"Yes, he has been kind."

"I never saw a man so changed."

No answer. Adelaide was silent; one

hand, and on that sparkled the diamond in her engagement ring, shaded her eyes from the glowing coals, and what was that sparkling drop, so hastily dashed away, as the door opened, and Mr. Fernald entered? A tear, yes! Lily was sure of it.

"Here are your letters, Lily," he said, "and yours," turning to Adelaide. "The foreign postmark. A double letter."

He gave it to her kindly, quietly; whereas in the summer, but to see her receive one of those letters, even from other hands than his, had made him sullen for the remainder of the day.

"We waited dinner sometime for you," said Lily.

"Which I have repeatedly asked you never to do."

"It was so stormy,"—she shivered—"and cold and lonely."

He knew she was thinking of Paul, and said, kindly:

"Well, read your letters, little one, and I'll make myself comfortable in the easy-chair by the fire."

Obedient to this command, Lily went over to the table and opened her letters.

Mr. Fernald looked at Adelaide. She had never opened one of Claude's letters in his presence. She was just leaving the room, but her letter lay still unopened, on the mantel-piece.

She returned in a few moments, bearing a little tray, upon which she had placed a dainty sandwich, fragments from the dessert, and a cup of delicious coffee.

"Adelaide!" he exclaimed, in surprise, for he was unaccustomed to attentions like this from Miss Phelps, who was one of those women born to command, not to serve. "I have dined."

"Yes, I dare say, but the night is so fearfully cold. Drink this; it will do you good."

"Certainly, when commanded by you. Of what have you and Lily been dreaming, or thinking? It is not such a very cold night."

A shudder—a sigh; no words.

"You should never stay here so much alone, you two! It can but be dull for you, and poor Lily feels gloomy, naturally enough. Now go and read your letter; that, surely, will enliven you."

"Not now; I will read it later." Then looking around, she asked, "Where is Lily?"

"She went out while you were preparing this," touching the edge of the tray as he spoke; "up stairs, probably." While speaking, he observed that Adelaide was studying his face; that her own was clouded.

"What is it, my friend?" he asked.

"Nothing; I only wanted to see—"

"What?"

"If you are working too hard; because if you are, if in any way you are taxing your strength too much, I must beg you to take a little rest."

"You, Adelaide!" she exclaimed, in real or affected surprise. "You are then taking note of my progress. I never hoped to regain your good opinion."

"Certainly, I notice your progress! How could I help doing so?"

"And yet—pardon me; you love Claude Thornton?"

A look of pained surprise, a flush upon the pale cheek.

"Edward Fernald! I thought this subject—"

"No matter what you thought. Answer me."

A quick sigh, a slight shiver, then in a voice low but quite distinct, the answer, "*I do.*"

"Then I would suggest your reading his letter before wasting more time on me. I am not overworking, am warm and comfortable; will you oblige me?" He took the letter, and handed it to her, then seated himself where he could read her face, while she read her letter, from the man she professed to love.

His influence was over and around her, and she took it from his hand, opened, and read a few lines, then folded the closely written sheet, and looked up. Mr. Fernald was watching her, ready to take advantage of any weakness; but she was not weak, she would not yield. Claude should never suffer through her, as she had suffered through this man.

She met his gaze steadily; her voice did not falter.

"Mr. Thornton is coming home!"

She had conquered herself, and now the man was the one to show signs of weakness. He arose, and paced the floor for the space of five minutes; then stopping before her questioned, "And what then?"

"Then we are to be married, and I shall return with him." Then, after a pause, "Not until the early part of summer, I think, if Claude can remain so long."

Then Lily came back, and excused herself for not coming sooner; she had been to her father's room, and Mr. Fernald bade them a hasty good-night.

But Lily seemed in no haste; for when once her cousin had told her of Claude's coming, she could talk of nothing else. In many respects this youthful widow was a very child, and Claude's coming, the man Adelaide had honored with her preference, seemed the most interesting subject that could be imagined. Then suddenly she thought of Fernald, and guarded as she had heretofore been, exclaimed:

"What in the world will poor Ned do?"

"Lily!"

There was command, reproach, even entreaty in the word, but Lily, somewhat frightened, was not to be silenced by it, and continued in tones half apologetic:

"But, Adelaide, really you must know he loves you. Or else you are blind."

"I think I must be blind—with sleepiness, if nothing more. Good-night, Lily dear."

"Good-night; but I think I should sleep better if you would tell me—"

"Tell you—what, child?" Every one had a way of addressing Lily in this manner, and she was quite accustomed to it.

"If you have quite forgotten you ever loved him."

"No, dear," she answered, seriously, "but I thought you had."

"Well, then, I haven't, and I wish Claude Thornton—"

"Hush, Lily! He is everything that is noble."

"You won't listen to one word," said Lily, pouting.

"No, Lily, not one;

"So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my past, for me,
Is the best, or it had not been, I hold."

"In every person's life, Lily, there are memories; there are moments, also, when those memories might lead us to do injustice to those who love us best and the most generously. The years bring changes in passing. We are not what we were, and I doubt if what constituted our happiness in earlier years would, later in life, yield us satisfaction. I think you are wrong about Mr. Fernald's busy life being an injury to him; and I cannot but be glad that his life is not to be a failure."

She was alone once more, the battle won, the victory hers. She had, indeed, battled bravely for the honor of the man whose wife she had promised to be. If, in her heart, she failed in the entire devotion it was his right to expect, the secret was still her own.

In every life there is a cross; she had, long ago, like Faith, stood at the foot of hers with folded hands, and eyes upraised, till kind hands had led her far away, and the old life was merged in the new.

But standing where she left it was her cross! After many years she had returned to it again, but with this difference—beyond it there was light, at its foot strength.

The next day she went to Mrs. Thornton's for a week's visit, and there found rest. Away from the dangerous eyes ever seeking her own, the hand ever ready to aid, the voice to cheer; where only Claude was named to her, and preparations were going on for his coming.

The past *was* past, the future bright before her. She would be happy, and if for a little time Mr. Fernald suffered, she could not but regret it. Did not she know all the pain? But she did not fear the effect of it on his future life, now he had once more become interested in his profession. If for her sake that interest had commenced, for his own he would continue it.

Her visit to Mrs. Thornton was drawing to a close, and Lily was becoming impatient for her return. She had not met Mr. Fernald since the evening she received news of Claude's coming. It would be unpleasant, but it must be endured. But when she reached home, he had just left for a short absence, had gone to Washington, Lily said.

Claude came before his return, and found Adelaide thin and pale; so thin that he was really alarmed. She was but the shadow of the woman who left him but one short year ago; she shivered in the wind, and the slightest exertion wearied her.

"And you never mentioned it in your letters; if you had I would have come earlier," said the fond lover, reproachfully.

"Indeed, there was nothing to say, dear Claude."

"Only this, that day by day you are fading away. Before another month you shall return with me to beautiful Florence, where you were so well and happy."

She did not say nay to this, for perhaps it was as well. Lily's weeds would not admit

of a gay wedding, and the time after Mr. Fernald's return might as well be short. She wished Claude to like Mr. Fernald, but did not say much, fearful that his old moods might have overtaken him. Claude was with her when he came. There had been a telegram in the morning, and the hour in which to expect him had arrived. Every sound startled Adelaide; she could not be quiet, and this Claude could not understand.

"Adelaide," he said, "you are ill. I never saw you like this."

"You are right, Claude. I think I must be ill, but have patience with me a little while. Florence, where we were so happy, will quite restore me, so don't be alarmed," she said, observing a change in his countenance.

Mr. Fernald was late; consequently the introductions were somewhat hurried. Adelaide was relieved the moment she saw him. She saw that he was master of himself, and of his moods, and later was rejoiced to see that he was neither sullen nor sarcastic, but was, on the contrary, more entertaining than usual. After dinner, he said he hoped to meet Mr. Thornton often, but must be excused now, having important business to attend to, and he might be called back to Washington at any time.

Later, Adelaide asked:

"How do you like Mr. Fernald?"

"Well, I think if he would be quiet long enough for me to form an opinion. He is a great worker, is he not?"

"Yes, latterly." Then she talked of other things, of Paul, of the sad ending of his bright young life, of Lily, and the long future before her. "If uncle were not such an invalid, I should wish to take her with us; after all, Claude, life is a sad thing, I think."

"Yes, and I think if you were to remain here another year, you would never smile again."

"Perhaps not. The year has been sad, and I am glad you are going to take me away."

Lily told Mr. Fernald the wedding would take place earlier than had been talked of when Mr. Thornton first came home. Adelaide requested her to do so. He was silent a little while, then said:

"Lily, you know something of my life, and your own has been sad. You will, I think, understand *why* I cannot be present at your cousin's wedding. I thought a man's will could accomplish anything. I acknowl-

edge my mistake. She is true to the man who loves her, and even I cannot but say he is worthy of her."

Mr. Fernald was recalled to Washington, a few days before the wedding, but did not go without wishing both Claude and Adelaide joy in the bright future before them; and then he departed, a sadder, perhaps a wiser man; certainly a more useful member of society than before he pledged his friendship to Adelaide Phelps, when they had stood almost in the presence of death, on the threshold of Paul Graham's home.

It was a quiet wedding; after which Mr. and Mrs. Claude Thornton returned to Florence, where she gradually regained her former cheerfulness; nor did she love her husband less because memories of her girlhood had been awakened.

Nor was it an unpleasant surprise, two years later, to learn that the young widow, Lily Graham, had laid aside her weeds, to reappear in social circles, as Mrs. Edward Fernald.

That Fernald had gained the position he aimed for in earlier days was to Adelaide most gratifying. This, in connection with Lily's wealth, opened a broad field of usefulness. The life, which through disappointment had almost proved a failure, would not be lived in vain.

For herself, she had found happiness, and Lily would be no more alone. It was well with them all, the ocean between, and that, too, may be well, for who can tell the weakness of the human heart?

DARKNESS AND FOG.

BY L. H. WOODBURY.

We had been cruising on the Northwest Coast since the middle of May. It was now October; some days within the month, and the sun, that used to light us the whole round of its daily course, now scarce attained a greater height at noon, than twenty degrees above the southern horizon. Every day he was sinking still lower, admonishing us that if we would longer enjoy his company we must speedily close up our business and take our departure southward.

We had been very successful in taking whales, and wanted exceedingly to fill up our ship—only a few hundred barrels more being required—that we might, on our return to the Sandwich Islands, be ready to start for home. Home!—There's a charm in that word, unknown to him who never leaves it—or merely goes to distant places in his own country, whence he can easily return. "Home"—when uttered in a whaleship, that has been three years tossing on the different oceans of the globe, touches the tenderest place in the heart of him who hears it. It arouses yearnings unspeakable, and the man who will not strain every nerve, and encounter many a peril, that he may the sooner be homeward bound, can hardly have a home worth going to.

Very anxious, then, were we to fill our ship, that we might go home. Yet it was evident that we were exposing ourselves to some risk in lingering so long within those high latitudes. Our icy shrouds and slippery decks, of the misty mornings, had warned us, a month before, that we must not remain too long within reach of the Ice King's grasp. But yet we lingered—that we might the sooner go home.

Are there any who would go a whaling—any who would see the reality of life in a whaler during a season of success on the Northwest Coast of America? Let them believe me, it is very much pleasanter to read about than to experience. A term of hard labor within prison bars and walls, except for the disgrace attaching to it, is more to be desired than a successful cruise in a whaler on the Northwest Coast. Fog, mist, rain, all icy cold, and keeping

you miserably wet, alternate with great regularity with the pale cheerless days when the sun does struggle through, apparently to reanimate you. Every night, except in midsummer, films of ice will form on the deck. Yet those summer nights are short—scarcely to be commended; twilight hardly deepens to darkness ere "the morning light is breaking," and the lookout aloft cries, solemnly, "T-h-e-r-e she b-l-o-w-s!—T-h-e-r-e b-l-o-w-s!"

Our matutinal slumbers are ended; when whales are in sight no man is below, except at his own peril. The boats are lowered, and the strife for oil begins. If the whales are shy, much hard pulling results. If we succeed in fastening and killing our game, then work begins in earnest. No sooner is the whale alongside, flukes to the bows and head to the stern, than cutting commences. Rain or shine, it is all the same; and when begun, there is no cessation till completed; unless it is to chase and capture more whales, that have come most temptingly in sight. In our ship, which was a large one and carried an unusual number of men, we have had cutting in, trying out, and chasing whales all going on at the same time. For forty-eight hours at a time, and more, all hands were, on several occasions, deprived of all sleep except such as they got while at their labor on deck. Sleep under such circumstances is not very satisfactory; yet it could not be resisted. While standing erect, with their hands on the brake, heaving at the windlass, men's eyes would close, their heads would fall back and mouths come open, and, unconscious of all around them, they would still remain on their feet and keep time with the movement of their fellows. So many would sometimes be in this condition that the strokes of the brakes would falter, and almost cease, till one of the officers would come along with a sharp word and rouse us again to action. Yet the officers sometimes yielded to the same overpowering necessity, and a serious accident happened to the second mate very early in the season. He was leaning over the forward hatch, overlooking some oper-

ation going on in the hold, when drowsiness overcame him. His grasp of the object that supported him relaxed, and he fell headlong into the hold. He was disabled for some time by a dislocated shoulder, and was afterwards very careful about exposing himself to like accidents. The beauties of whaling are not apparent to those who remain at home, but they had better not go too far to see them.

Our cruising had carried us well north, even within the Arctic Circle; and we had found our best whaling in and near Kotzebue's Sound. Though not in sight of land, we could not have been very far from the coast, on a foggy, dark and dismal day in October. It was Sunday. We had finished trying out our last whale a day or two before, and the dense fog prevented our seeing others. We had, for the day, enjoyed a short respite from our almost incessant labors. Supper was over, and the watch had been set for the night, with every prospect of having undisturbed repose for a few hours. Though, during our early cruising, the days had been long enough, darkness now came early and stayed late. The coming night and the dense fog made the gloom of the last hours of daylight very solemn and sombre, and, it being also a calm, our sails—such as were set—hung limp and heavy, falling lazily against the masts with every undulating motion of the waters beneath us. Our voices, and the tramp of our feet on the deck, had a weird hollow sound, that added still greater solemnity to our situation, and made us almost anxious for something to come which might break the dismal spell that seemed to have fallen upon us.

As if in answer to the thought, light ripples appeared on the surface of the water alongside; delicate cat's-paws of air, coming from we hardly knew whither, just stirred the dense fog. We watched them, in the hope that the fog was about to disappear. It did not disperse, breaking away in great detached masses as it generally does, but, gradually, the white opaque walls seemed to remove further from us, till our view from the ship was obstructed for the distance, perhaps, of a cable length.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by two explosions, as of pent-up steam escaping from its confinement. They were sounds we were accustomed to, and all eyes, of those on deck, were turned instant-

ly in the direction from which they proceeded.

"Hist, men!" said Mr. Smith, our first mate, "d'ye see them old fellows? There's enough to fill us up, as sure as you're born!"

Right abeam of us—almost alongside, as it were—were two as oily looking old gray-backs as our eyes had ever looked upon. No better view of the leviathans of the deep will ever be obtained, in their native element, than these two old fellows—unconscious of such dangerous neighbors—presented to us for the moment that we first saw them. They had almost run against us, and were moving very slowly, in a parallel direction with the ship, as she was then heading. Their immense size struck us all, for their backs, cleft aft almost to their flukes, were out of water; and I noticed in one a sharp crook, as though it had been broken.

Such an opportunity was not to be neglected; the temptation was too great to be resisted, even under more favorable circumstances, and Mr. Smith, in a low voice, gave the word to call all hands.

The captain was quickly at his side, and getting a glimpse of the whales, ordered two boats to be lowered, and follow them. The darkness was so fast increasing, and the fog so dense, he would not risk more boats away from the ship at once. It was almost recklessness, of course, to pull away into that heavy fog-bank, with a long dark night shutting down upon us; but it was done.

There were still three boats' crews, besides the shipkeepers—some thirty men in all—on board the ship; myself among the number, for I did not chance to belong to either of the boats that lowered. Hardly had the men pulled a dozen strokes than they were gone, out of sight and hearing, into the darkness and fog ahead of us. We thought it strange that we should lose all sound of them so soon; but the fog so deadened the noise of their oars—which is always much subdued in the boats of whalers, owing to the inside of the rowlocks being padded with leather—that it failed to reach more than a few hundred feet, even in the calm and quiet that surrounded us.

We listened anxiously, supposing we should hear them when they got fast, certainly; or, if they failed in that, some signal would come from them in their endeavor to find

their way back to the ship. Very soon the night was upon us, and effectually shut out all view of anything outside of the ship; and to add to our uneasiness, the first light puffs of wind had imperceptibly increased, till now a growing breeze was stirring the dark waters and filling our sails. Nought but silence, succeeded, finally, by the rustling of the freshening breeze and the plashing of the waves, followed the departure of the boats.

A half hour, it may be, passed thus, and then, by the captain's orders, we bestirred ourselves to make a noise, and rig our lights, that should serve, if possible, to show the men in the boats our whereabouts. The bells were rung loudly, on the fore-castle and at the wheel; muskets were fired; tin horns of monstrous length—provided for such occasions as these—made the night hideous, to those on board, at least; and, coming all together in the waist, our voices were united in a frightful chorus of halloos, hurrahs, screeches and screams. After each outburst of this nocturnal melody, a deep and most impressive silence would ensue, while, scarce breathing, we listened for some answering shout from our absent men. But none came; not a sound. They seemed to have gone from us as effectually as though they had entered another world.

With the breeze continually freshening, we were, ere long, braced on the wind and moving through the water at the rate of several knots an hour; yet wearing round every half hour or so that we might retain as nearly as possible our original position. Lights were hung out, forward and from the mizzen peak, and two baskets, that would hold about a bushel each, made of iron hoops, called "bug lights," were filled with scraps, tar and such like material, and lighted and extended far over the side by means of studding-sail booms. As the fires within them grew low, they were hauled in and replenished, and kept burning all that dismal night. One of our quarter deck guns, stumpy old fellows, that had more bark than bite—neither ornamental nor very useful that I could see, except that they might afford an occasional comfortable seat for the captain and his officers—was unlashed and hauled into the waist, that its defiant notes might carry cheer to the hearts of our lost shipmates.

Long were those hours in which we vainly strove to recover the missing boats.

Cimmerian darkness surrounded us; and the sighing of the wind through the shrouds, the dashing of growing waves, and the lurid light shed by the strange fires over the side, broken at intervals by the heavy discharge of our gun, formed a scene of such exciting interest as nowhere else has come within my experience.

Hour after hour went by, and another day was drawing near. How anxiously we looked for the coming dawn!—how fearful lest it should fail to bring us our missing friends! But it came—calmly and soberly as ever—all regardless of the little band of hope and fear that so anxiously watched its coming. It showed us the fog still clinging tenaciously to the white-capped waters; as yet the winds had failed to rive it or drive it away. Our hearts sank within us, for hope was almost gone. Yet we could see to a considerable distance, all around us; it was light and thin compared with what it had been the previous night. The diameter of the area that soon became visible to us might have been half a mile; scarcely more.

Wearing round once more, so soon as the daylight had revealed all it had to show, we had just begun to gather way on the other tack, when an opening was observed in the fog, some two or three points on our weather bow. It seemed to be lifting and opening at the same time, and our view in that direction was fast extending.

"Boat ho!" A dozen pair of eyes saw it at once—a boat with a signal waif flying, indicating that a dead whale was in tow. But where was the other? We saw but one; it was just where the fog was rising and clearing the fastest, and less than a mile distant. Was the other indeed lost? Most anxiously we surveyed the gradually opening space, keeping the ship closer to the wind, meantime, that we might run as near to the boat as possible, and wishing that the fog would quit its hold upon the waters and float bodily away. But nowhere could the eye penetrate to the clear sky; the foggy envelop still surrounded us, though seemingly retreating and swaying to and fro in the direction in which we were heading.

Not till we had nearly come up with the boat already in view did we discover the second, between two banks of fog, at least ten miles away, and almost directly to windward. She, too, had her waif flying;

and then we knew that they must have fastened to and killed both the whales, and had been lying by them all night. This afterwards proved to be the case; but we must attend to one at a time. Overjoyed at the safety and success of our boats, we went merrily to work to get the first prize alongside. We were not quite able to reach the boat without making another tack, but the distance was so short that this was soon accomplished, and our big hawser was quickly around the old gentleman's flukes, and he lay comfortably alongside, his barnacled snout coming just about even with the rudder, aft. The boys in the boat seemed a happy set when they came on board, for they said they had neither seen nor heard anything of us all night, and thought they were surely lost. The noise of our big gun, even, had failed to reach them; which is not very strange when we consider the fog and their windward position.

To attempt to beat up to the other boat with the prize we already had alongside was hardly practicable; therefore it was thought best for a part of the men to begin cutting in, while one boat should go up and lend a hand to tow down the other whale. Mr. Potter's boat was appointed to the last duty, and being one of her crew, I was soon at my oar, pulling my best with the rest, to reach and help what we exultingly called "our last whale." Two such monsters—by far the biggest we had yet taken—would actually run us over with oil, and then—"hurrah for home!"

We pulled merrily and with a will, you may believe, and were not long in coming within hail of the other boat. The boys in her were glad to see us, and some jokes were passed, as to how they had passed the night, and what we sleepy heads had been doing down there to leeward so long. We carried them a lunch of boiled salt pork, which the captain was so thoughtful as to have prepared against the return of our missing men, should we be so fortunate as to find them, and while they refreshed themselves with that, we made the necessary preparations to assist in towing, chatting good-naturedly with each other the while.

Thus busied, it did not occur to us to turn our eyes in the direction of the ship for some time, and the first intimation we had of her disappearance was "little Abe's" question:

"What's the ship? Golly, mister Robinson, ship gone up!"

Thus startled, we all looked towards where we supposed she ought to be; but, indeed, she was not there. Yet there seemed to be but little fog in that direction for fully the distance, it seemed to us, we had come. Had we lost her bearings, or what had become of her? That she was enveloped in a fog bank we were well assured; but yet there was a mystery, we could not tell where she was.

We were not much concerned, however, but that she would soon appear again, through some drifting rent in the clinging cloud, and we thought best to wait patiently till we knew certainly where she was. So, munching and chatting, a half hour may have passed before we began to feel seriously alarmed. Then we saw plainly that the fog was increasing, and drawing around us on every side; and it seemed to us as though the wind was hauling around, too, and blowing in a different direction from what it had been when we left the ship. Now, indeed, we began to feel serious apprehensions of being lost. Our jubilant spirits had made us careless, and we had neglected to take our bearings by the boat's compasses, while it was comparatively clear, which we ought to have done under any circumstances.

Not many thoughts were now given to the dead whale, for it was our own safety that chiefly occupied our minds. We could gain nothing by moving, in any direction, for we were just as likely to go wrong as right: and then our distance from the ship would be increased instead of diminished. We listened anxiously for the report of guns, or some other signal. For a whole hour did we strain our sense of hearing, and bend down to the water, that we might catch any note that would indicate the direction of the ship. None reached us; and to increase our anxiety, the breeze was certainly strengthening, and we knew by the short chopping waves that it was blowing from a different quarter from what it had been a short time before. It was cold, too, withal. Excitement and exertion had prevented our noticing it much before, but now sitting so long almost motionless in the boat, we felt very chilly and uncomfortable. Our friends said they had had a cold night of it, and were glad to see the ship, almost as much that they might warm

themselves by pulling towards her as for any other reason.

But what could we do? There was every appearance that the fog had settled down again for the day, and we were beyond reach of any sound from the ship. Our situation was indeed a perilous one; at that late season in the year, with those northern waters forsaken by almost every ship but our own, to be lost upon them in open boats, with no store of provisions except the usual small keg of bread with which the boats were always supplied, and with nothing to cover us except the clothes we had on, was a fate we hardly dared contemplate; yet it was the one that stared us broadly in the face. Those in the ship had undoubtedly been too busily engaged to give us much attention at the time the fog shut us out from view—but they had our bearings, of course, and were it not for the whale alongside, would immediately look for us. Would they stop to cut him in? Would they be willing to cut from him and lose him? One or the other they must do before they could give us any assistance. But then—how did they know we were lost? It was our business to keep ourselves informed of the bearing of the ship, and they did not know the condition in which our carelessness had placed us. They would very likely remain at this work and trust to our reaching them with the other whale in two or three hours—unless the wind had shifted; and we felt certain that it had. What would they do then? Probably they would expect us to cut from our whale and pull for the ship without him. To tow a dead whale against the wind, or in any other direction than with it, would be a most discouraging task. We could not expect any help from the ship.

If we had only known in what direction she was, that line would have been quickly served, and all the strength of our muscles applied to the oars that were resting idly on the thwarts. But in what direction should we pull? The fog had settled around us so thickly that we were more confused than ever; but it was almost beyond human endurance to sit quiet, under such circumstances, and so we got our oars and pulled—still fast to the whale—towards the point where it seemed to our officers the ship ought to be.

Yes, we pulled long and strong, like desperate men; though we knew not to what

end. Where is the man—who is not a dyspeptic—who can sit calmly down by the side of death, when he knows that life is very near—even requiring but a struggle—if in the right direction, to reach it? And so we struggled, and our bodies grew warm, not with hope, but with exercise; and we pulled at least a good long hour before we stopped again, to listen for any noise that might show that we had come in the right direction. We could hear nothing, and in the drear silence that followed, fear crept into our hearts. How dismal were our prospects; what a transition from the cheering hope of the morning. The whale to which we were attached was no longer thought of as spoil, but yet it was quickly decided not to cut from him, as, should we miss of the ship, the flesh of his carcass might be the means of prolonging, for a time, our lives. Starvation was before us in such an event, and very near, with no other sustenance than the little packages of bread within our boats. The flesh of the whale—a coarse, red, beef-like mass—quite palatable to a whaling crew when cooked, would sustain life, perhaps, so long as we could keep the carcass afloat; and therefore we determined not to part with it.

And thus “we lay, all that day,” as an old sea song goes, enveloped in the foggy mist that kept us wet and chill, except when we took an occasional pull at the oars to start the drowsy blood within us into new life. The breeze increased, till the combing waves lapped at times over the gunwales of the boats, and made our situation still more uncomfortable; but yet the clinging fog was driving ever down before it, and precluded all hope of getting a view of the horizon before night should again shut down and bury us in darkness. Such days as those are very trying to a man’s fortitude. If he is in the habit of thinking of his God, his mind occasionally wanders that way, and he says a little prayer, all unheard by those around him, but which, nevertheless, does not fall on unmindful ears. There are not many among the crew of a whaler who would dare to pray to God aloud, even if they were alone; but I can safely aver that there are some who, in times of difficulty, send little petitions heavenward, from the silent depths of their souls. But whatever the heart may say, there are never wanting tongues that are not ashamed to curse the “ill luck” that

has brought them into trouble, and to despondingly bewail the rashness of others who have been instrumental in bringing them into such perilous positions; so, among our dozen men, there were some who were cheerful and hope-inspiring, some who were dejected and cast down, some who were apathetic and unfeeling, and some who were a little mad, judging from the way in which they expressed themselves.

Our anxiety made us unmindful of hunger for a time, but as the gloom of night was gathering around us we bethought us again of our bread, and a single cake of it was given to each man, which, considering the prospect before us, was a very generous allowance. A little water from the boat-keg washed it down, and then we could only moor our boats to the dead whale, by attaching our lines in new places, and dropping to leeward, and wait curled up and half frozen for the morning. The boats' heads were thus kept to the wind without any exertion of our own, and we had the advantage of being in smoother water. Yet it was miserable comfort we got that night, our wet garments stiffening on us with the cold, our bodies quaking, and teeth chattering, and hands and feet almost freezing. I am writing these lines in a pleasant room warmed by a cheerful December fire, and the experience of that and other dismal nights which I passed in perilous exposure on the North West Coast, has fully prepared my mind to rise in thankfulness to Him who has preserved and brought me hither.

The darkness of the night was intense. The moon was at its very smallest, and no ray from it, or from friendly stars, came through the deathlike gloom that enshrouded us. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more deplorable condition than was ours. Yet it might have been worse—much worse, for the experience of many shipwrecked mariners has exceeded ours in misery.

But morning came—the blessed morning light, and with it the cheering prospect that the fog would soon drift away. It was lifting and breaking all around us, and ere long our view extended far and wide; but what we most desired to cheer our hearts—the white sails of the good ship wherein we had so long had our home were nowhere to be seen. Yet, icy and stiff as we were, we

could but hail with delight another object that soon broke through and dispelled the drifting clouds—the glorious sun, that rises in even greater beauty upon the forlorn ocean waif than upon the favored one who views him from the portals of his regal home. He smiled upon us, and we welcomed his return with a jovial hurrah; we roused up, and shook and stretched ourselves, and the chills which had so beset us during the long night departed. Hunger was knocking, and reminding us strongly of our mortal natures. His claims were not to be denied, and our attention was turned once more to our small stock of bread. It was small, truly; scarce thirty cakes to each boat; we felt as though we could devour it all at one meal. But better judgment prevailed, and but half a cake was allowed to each man. If any man was disposed, however, he had liberty to test the quality of the whale beef, which was at our disposal; but no man was inclined to broach the animal as yet, though if there had been any means of cooking his flesh, we should not have been fastidious about disposing of it.

Our light breakfast finished, some time was spent in eagerly scanning the horizon in every direction, till the last lingering hope that had remained within us of seeing our ship was driven out, and we drew together to consult as to our future course.

Our officers were aware that we were not very distant from land; and the wind, which had by this time moderated to a light breeze, was supposed to be setting us in its direction, which was, as they calculated, about southeast. It was immediately decided that we could not do better than to try to reach it; as in all probability our captain would count on our taking that course, and naturally come there to look for us.

Acting on this decision—but unwilling to leave our whale for the reason I have stated—we again attached our lines so as to take him in tow, and then began to pull steadily, though at no hurried rate, towards the southeast. The frostiness of the air made it better for us to be in motion than to remain inactive, and our spirits, also, were less depressed when our bodies were under the influence of moderate exercise. We did not know the nature of the coast we sought to gain, but anything that was terra firma would be better than the rolling wave, under our present circumstances.

Our drifting and pulling failed to bring us in sight of land the first day, and another of those long Arctic nights was soon upon us. About noon another half cake of bread had been given to each man, and there had been some talk of hauling up and making an excavation into the back of the whale, that we might satisfy our hunger with a few fresh steaks. But we were not quite ready for that yet, though we knew we should soon come to it; as in fact we did the next morning. We would have continued pulling all night were it not for exhaustion and the want of sleep. Sleep will take no denial; it comes under the most adverse circumstances, as I have already shown, and though a man may be freezing and starving, yet he must sleep; he yields to the irresistible influence, and for a time his sorrows and discomforts are forgotten. So, though cramped and aching with cold, we slept; and woke to sleep again; for our uncomfortable position recalled us occasionally to consciousness, and finally wore another night away, and welcomed the dawn of another morning.

The rising sun glistened upon the snow-white hills to the southward. We were in sight of land. Yes, it was land; though within the circle of eternal ice and snow.

The land was still some leagues distant, however, and looked as though it would afford but cold comfort when reached. This morning the cravings of hunger could be no longer resisted, and with a lance and boat-axe we made an incision in the whale's blubber, and tore some of the red flesh beneath. We ate of it more than was for our good—none refusing to partake—and several among us suffered considerably during the day in consequence; none wished for more that day. Having accomplished our breakfast, we again took to the oars, hoping ere night to reach the land, if not to fall in with our ship; as we were very confident she would look for us in that direction.

With such a load in tow our progress must necessarily be slow; but to-day we exerted ourselves to the full extent of our powers, and towards night had the satisfaction of being within two or three miles of the shore; but here we found, what we ought certainly to have expected, quantities of ice floating in the water, which gradually increased as we approached nearer to the land, so as, finally, almost to obstruct our passage.

We had fears, likewise, about venturing so far within this floating mass, lest an unusually cold night might so cement it as effectually to imprison us within its cold embrace. But desperate men venture into many perilous places, and we continued to urge our boats through the yielding cakes, till they finally touched a firm and solid border which extended out a hundred feet, it may have been, from the shore. As yet no welcome sail had cheered our view. Our ship, if searching for us, must have struck the coast at some other point. In going from our present position in either direction, we were as likely to leave her behind as to approach her, and therefore it was decided to land, and remain for a time where we were.

Though the nights came so early, still, with a clear sky, the twilights were long, for the sun sank very slowly behind the western waters. The sun had already disappeared when we moored our whale alongside the solid ice-shelf, and drew our boats upon it, and made such other arrangements as the case would admit of for passing a comfortable night. A comfortable night! Perhaps you would not call it so. I should not, of my own choice, usually accept such a condition as a comfortable one. But yet we did pass what we then called a comfortable night—for we were on land, or ice, rather—and had means of building a fire. There were some dwarfish trees of fir not far from where we landed, and two or three men with the boat-axes immediately made firewood—such as it was—of some of them. It was no great amount, and would not have served us long had we not bethought ourselves of another source of warmth, which had encumbered our progress toward the land.

Some one suggested that we might help our warming fire by the addition of a little of the whale's blubber, and no sooner said than done; some small strips were immediately cut off and brought to our fire, where, hacked into chips, it was consigned to the flames, and did us glorious service. We were almost happy at the discovery that we had such abundant means of warming ourselves; and then, too, the thought immediately struck us that we had now the means of cooking our whale-meat. Surely, we were well to do, after all, and we became decidedly more cheerful than we had been since the previous morning.

The fire was built just between our boats, which were placed as near to it as they could be with safety; and then their two sails were so extended as to afford some protection from the frosty night air on the windward side; and thus arranged, we really seemed to be quite cosily situated, as compared with our condition during the former nights. With a couple of men to keep the fire replenished, each in turn standing a short watch for that purpose, we managed to get a very comfortable night's sleep considering we had no sort of covering except the clothes we had on.

Those unacquainted with the outfit of a whaleboat will not understand how we lighted a fire so readily. Every boat is provided with the means—matches, candles, or a lantern of some sort—safely stowed in a snug dry place in the sternsheets. Besides, a whaleboat is always supplied with several other articles that are very handy and useful, and absolutely necessary in case of accident; so that, as before said, we were not near so badly off as we might have been.

The next morning we had broiled steaks for breakfast, as the result of our forethought in holding on to the whale. The old fellow was actually made to roast himself for our benefit. Perhaps some future Arctic explorer will take a hint from this,

and when he goes into winter quarters make it in his way to take a dead whale along with him. With the returning light we looked anxiously seaward, hoping to see our ship coming to our relief; but only the vacant waters, filled, as it seemed from where we stood, with floating ice, met our view.

Almost desponding, we now sat down around our fire and talked over our situation, what we should do if the ship should fail to appear. Our cogitations were not very encouraging, and I believe ended in the firm resolve that we *would not* be left there alone to freeze and starve; the ship *must* come to our relief.

Well, to make a story that is already long enough shorter, the ship came. But it was not till the second day after we had landed that the joyful cry of "Sail ho!" greeted our ear. How our hearts bounded—how our lifeblood leapt at the word! Lips quivered, and tears came into eyes that would have been ashamed to weep; the hidden fountains that had never yielded to sorrow were stirred by the joyful cry, and pearly drops of joy attested the thankfulness of bronzed and weather-beaten men. "Sail ho! Glory be to God!" shouted with stentorian voice our sturdy second mate, Mr. Potter; and all who heard said "Amen."

DESIREE.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

WE were a family who had always lived under some shadow. As far back as their history was known, and that was for many and many years, strange misfortunes had fallen to the lot of the Winthrops. Their sons were brave, and their daughters were fair, they had a plenty of gold in their purses, a plenty of rare old wine in their cellars, and ships at sea; and after they died their tombstones told that they had lived lives of honor, were charitable and forgiving, and faithful both in public and private life. But their virtues met with small reward, in this world, at least. Many of them were fated to die sudden and fearful deaths. The curse of insanity had run through the family for generations. They almost invariably made unhappy marriages, and if no real evil befell them they conjured them up from sickly imaginations, for they were naturally a melancholy race, and so there never was a single Winthrop household without its skeleton—ours not excepted.

We were orphans, and there were three of us. Katherine, Bernard and I. I was the eldest, Bernard next, and Katherine two years younger than he. We lived together in a stately old country-house which our grandfather had inherited before us. It commanded a view of the distant town, and the sea lay broad and blue before it, so near that we could always hear the tumble of the waves. It was a pleasant place, with its wide range of velvet lawn, and dim old garden through which the fragrant sea-breeze wandered, waving the flowers and playing with the drowsy songs of the fountains. Guests were continually coming and going; scarcely a night passed but our windows were all alight, there was a rustle of silken drapery on the stairs, music and merry feet in the long saloon, and gay voices everywhere. But the shadow was there still. Nothing could crowd it out of its place in the warm bright house. Even while the lights gleamed, and the wine bubbled, and the light dance music was playing, it frowned upon us, grim and cold. It lurked in our chambers at night, it haunted our fireside. Before middle age

my hair was growing gray; Katherine was losing her roses at twenty-two, and Bernard, poor Bernard! we feared that the dreadful curse of the family insanity was coming upon him, he had grown so strange and fitful in his moods of late, and there was a look in his dark melancholy eyes which startled us beyond measure. We were each of us morbid, more or less, each of us had the sensitive, passionate, imaginative Winthrop temperament, else the shadow might have slipped away from our midst before this time, fearful as it was when it broke over us. Youth's dew and sunlight arch rainbows over the darkest skies, and its clouds are light and fleet.

Six years before, our father's corpse was brought home to us from over the water; he had died very suddenly in Italy while on a pleasure tour with his wife. I shall never forget the night when that long glittering coffin was carried through the dim hall, and Mrs. Winthrop, with her widow's veil half hiding her dark pale face—it was the first time I had ever seen her pale—swept up the steps, and catching me in her arms, spoke no word, but wet my face with a flood of sudden tears. I shall never forget the look she gave me out of those intense black eyes of hers, when I shrank from her embrace, freeing myself from her hold with a quick repugnant gesture which I could not repress. There was a faint odor of *crepe* in her clothing that was moist with the November mist, and it seems as if that odor had been lingering in the hall ever since. It came to me at the same time, then, that it was strange I should feel this sudden pang of almost horror when this tender woman kissed me, weeping over our mutual sorrow, after such a long and desolate journey with the dead. How fearful that journey must have been to her! I had longed for her coming with dreary impatience, longing to hear every particular of papa's death, to know his last words, and if he left any message for us, his children.

She had written but one brief letter, giving news of his sudden death. He had only what seemed like a slight cold at first, but it appeared to weaken him strangely,

then a violent fever seized him, and he died in a fit of delirium on the second day. This was all we knew, but the brevity of the letter was excusable under the circumstances. Mrs. Winthrop's nerves were much shaken by the suddenness of the event, and, at the same time, she was making hasty preparations for her departure for home. It was a model letter of its kind; we could not help remarking upon it even then, though we were half dazed with sorrow; written with a sort of tender calmness, making no parade of grief, but expressing much without touching upon it in direct words.

"I think she loved papa, after all," said Katherine, one day, while we sat drearily before the fire. "And how much he thought of her, poor papa! We must be very friendly to her for his sake."

"Loved him!" echoed Bernard, biting his sensitive lips. "I've no doubt the day of his death was the happiest one of her life! No one can understand that woman. Whoever saw such unreadable eyes—such a sweet and yet such a cold face. That woman is a serpent!"

"You have no right to judge her in this way, Bernard," said Katherine, warmly. "I am sure we can find no fault with her since she has been with us. She has filled her position wonderfully well in every way, and it isn't a very enviable one either. We were all determined not to like her before she came, and have taken no pains to conceal from her she was unwelcome, and—"

"What do you suppose she married papa for?" interrupted Bernard.

"Why, as many another woman has married, for wealth and position," said she. "That is not to be wondered at. She was quite poor and friendless, you know; still, I think she respected papa, and loved him after her own fashion. At any rate, she pleased him, and that is enough."

"It was an absurd marriage," said he, pacing the floor as he had a habit of doing when he was at all excited. "She used every art in her power to entrap him, but who would have thought that she could be successful? Who would have thought that a grave white-haired old gentleman like him, so shy, and reserved, and cautious, would have married a dashing young widow like her, after a six weeks' acquaintance? What did he know of her? What does any one know of her past life? She may be a murderess, for all we can tell!"

"Bernard!" said I, opening my eyes in amazement; for though I had always known that his dislike for his stepmother amounted almost to abhorrence, I had hardly ever heard him speak of her before in any terms. He had always avoided mentioning her at all.

Katherine looked shocked, but kept silence, and we spoke no more of our father's widow for many days after that. But in that strangely still, sorrowful time, while we were waiting for that sad home-coming of the living and the dead, I began to think more of her than of poor papa. Bernard's words rang in my ears. I saw her face rise up before me—her face, but without its ever-present smile whose sultry sweetness was almost as oppressive as the heat of midsummer; her eyes, though not in their vale of soft misty languor, but sharp, and cruel, and glittering, like a serpent's. They thrilled me with a feeling of almost terror, though only seen in imagination. But I was morbid, and gave myself up entirely to sickly fancies. Perhaps Bernard and Katherine were haunted by the same weird visions—had the same vague presentiments of evil; but if they had, they did not hint them to me, nor did I attempt to express my feelings to them. The only thing which broke the dead silence within and without was the moan of the bleak sea, and the sound of the restless November wind that dashed rains with the drifts of dry leaves against the window-pane, and told dismal tales when night fell about the dripping eaves.

At last they came—papa in his coffin, deaf to any fond tearful greeting; Mrs. Winthrop, pale and sorrow-stricken (or so she seemed), in her heavy lustreless black garments; and it was even drearier than before in the silent house. She was very gentle, very tender in her demeanor, appealing to us for sympathy, and yet sometimes seeming to forget her own sorrow in her anxiety to soothe ours. And every one said, even to our cousins who had never approved of her at all before, and had lamented loud and long over papa's unfortunate marriage—"What an admirable woman she is! We have been mistaken in her."

But when she wept our tears were dry, we knew not why. Bernard grew pale, and flitted away like a ghost when she entered the room. Katherine made a painful and

vain attempt to return her soft half-shy caresses, while I shrank from her touch as if it were fatal, like that of the wicked queen's in the fairy story. There is a strange prophetic element in our blood.

After the funeral there were days of radiant winter weather. The sea forgot its notes of warning, and sang loud joyous peals. The frost-wreaths were all a-glitter with sunshine. But we did not feel its influence; the days were more intolerable than ever. What it was that haunted us so we could not tell. It was not grief at papa's loss alone, but a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen—that there was a mystery hanging about us, a fearful mystery, and we wanted its revelation. Mrs. Winthrop, wonderfully handsome in her elaborate mourning, lounged with her old languid elegance amid the purple velvet cushions of her armchair, with a bit of embroidery in her hand. But she blended her colors strangely, and her delicate pink-tipped fingers were more nervous than their wont. The flush on her soft dark cheek came and went with every breath, and her eyes shone with an intense brightness when, with any sudden sound, she lifted the languid lids which veiled them.

One day Uncle Gregory, the only one remaining of papa's family, returned from Europe, and came straight to our house, with a pale fixed face that startled us beyond measure. He had just been in Florence, and had learned there of papa's sudden and somewhat singular death. He would only speak a few hurried words with us, but wished to see Mrs. Winthrop alone. She received him with gracious serenity, though the color faded entirely out of her cheek, and I imagined—only imagined, perhaps—that there was a slight tremulousness in her tones when she spoke.

They had a long interview in the library, then my uncle went away, more hurriedly than he came, even, and Mrs. Winthrop was seen no more that night, and, indeed, we never saw her afterwards. The next morning her room was vacant, her trunks were gone, and her wardrobe empty.

"Missis told me last night to be up early in the morning, in time to take her to the station for the four o'clock train," said John the coachman, on being questioned. "She took a heap of trunks with her," he added, evidently wondering at the surprise

depicted on our faces. It was then nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards Uncle Gregory appeared again, accompanied by two strange gentlemen. He seemed much agitated when we told him of Mrs. Winthrop's extraordinary flight, but not as much surprised as we expected him to be. Afterwards he revealed to us the nature of his business with that lady. The Florentine physician who had attended papa during his illness had decided that there were strong evidences of poison in his case, and it was suspected that his wife and her daughter, Miss Laselle, knew more of the affair than they cared to have known.

A few months later the confession of a servant girl who was employed by Mrs. Winthrop at the time of her husband's death revealed the whole story. She was a keen-eyed girl, whom Mrs. Winthrop had taken great pains to secure because she spoke English; but, as it happened, this accomplishment of her servant proved to be a curse rather than a blessing to her. The girl suspected something wrong, and listening through the keyhole while madam and her daughter were holding a low-voiced and anxious discussion on the morning after her husband's death, discovered that they had been administering a slow but deadly poison to him for some time; but now they were half dismayed at their success, and were trembling for fear of discovery. Filled with horror, she had kept the dreadful secret for a while, but at last she could bear the burden of it no longer, and carried it to the priest.

I need not say what a shock this was to us, though we were prepared for the worst; and since the day we heard the fearful story the memory of it has haunted our house. No one knew whither madam had gone, or whether she were alive or dead; she eluded the search of the sharpest detectives, never even a single trace of her was found, and we were glad that it was so; only that it would have been an inexpressible comfort and satisfaction to us to have been sure that she was dead, or that she could never under any circumstances be near us again—that we never should see so much as a fold of her garments. I think one glance into her eyes would have rendered me nearly insane.

Six years had passed since her disappearance, and all this time I felt a haunting fear that she was near, that I should find

her gaze fixed upon me at some unexpected turn, that she was always seeing me, and always watching and prying into our household affairs. And yet what could be more ridiculously improbable? We rarely mentioned her name among ourselves; when we did so it was always with an involuntary shudder.

"How that woman haunts me!" Katherine would sometimes say when we were alone at night after a gay evening.

Bernard avoided a young lady friend of mine because she had the same rather uncommon mellow-brown complexion that she had, as if she had been a spirit of darkness.

No one besides our own near relatives ever had a suspicion as to how papa came to his death, though of course people wondered at madam's sudden disappearance so soon after he died. But every one knew that there had been no love between us and her while we remained together under the same roof, and they probably concluded that she had chosen to live with her friends abroad, for she was always talking of her sister in Paris, in whose family her daughter was residing. She was to have brought this daughter home with her when she returned from that pleasure trip which she took with papa, but something happened to prevent her coming then—the suddenness of Mrs. Winthrop's departure, I believe; and she was expecting her arrival in a few days when she took her sudden flight from Sea View. We had never seen her, but I fancied that she was very like her mother in looks as well as in character. Even more unscrupulous and wicked she would be at her mother's age. To think of a young girl only eighteen years of age as plotting and assisting to commit a murder, so coolly! It was too shocking. What would she be at middle age?

If madam had not failed in her plans, that is, if she had succeeded in concealing her crime, and I wonder that she did not, as subtle, and cunning, and cool as she was, we should probably have lived under the same roof with her for years, and known her familiarly as a sister, almost. It made me shudder to think of it! If she had succeeded, what a stir she would have made in the fashionable world!—such a brilliant splendid young widow; for though she was more than thirty-five, she did not look a day over thirty, and her share of papa's estate would have amounted to

nearly half a million. What a kingdom she would have had to rule over, and with what royal grace she would have swayed her sceptre!

Her position as the wife of an old gentleman like papa, though she made a desperate effort to attain that position, was too tame for her. She did not attract sufficient attention; her kingdom was too narrow. She enjoyed her newly-acquired wealth, for she was very poor when papa married her, took apparent delight in the glitter of her diamonds, smoothed her silken lap with an air of languid satisfaction, and rejoiced in her luxurious apartments. But the matrimonial encumbrance to this wealth was not to her taste. He was commonplace and retiring, preferred the seclusion of his own fireside to fashionable society, and, moreover, he was afflicted with the rheumatism; and what could be more exasperating then, at the very height of the fashionable season, to be obliged to stay shut up within doors with a sick and somewhat fretful old gentleman, especially when one had such jewels, such laces, and such dresses to air?

But of what use is it to speak all this? The woman had risked everything, and lost all. It was her coming that had cast the shadow over the once shadowless household—a shadow too dark and dreadful to be ever entirely lifted away. We tried to forget it. Papa would have grieved, we knew, could he have seen us always under such a cloud; so, after a time, we put off our mourning garments, opened wide the doors of the gloomy old house, and bade our friends to a continual feast. We could not bear the stillness. But the shadow would not be driven away, though its gloom grew less, and a stranger would hardly have noticed a trace of it, especially after little Rose Castleton came to live with us. She was an orphan, the daughter of our cousin Rose, who, when dying, bequeathed the little maid to me, and begged me to care for her as my own. She was the brightest sunbeam that had flitted through the house for years, and we all welcomed her with joy. Bernard took an especial delight and interest in her; she was so bright and fairy-like in her golden-haired beauty and pretty winning ways.

But neither Katherine nor I had any faculty to get on with children, and though she was very young we advertised for a governess for her at once. Of course we had

numerous applicants for the situation—forn-looking young women in black who oppressed us with their melancholy. Others in drab, who spoke with painful precision, and a plenty of coquettish young misses in furbelows and ringlets who had never engaged in anything like labor before, but were anxious to enlist in the noble army of governesses just for the fun of the thing. But to none of them did we wish to give the charge of our darling, and we despaired of ever finding one to our liking, until a lovely young French girl appeared on the scene.

The first glance I had of her face impressed me unfavorably, somehow, although it was one of rare beauty, with delicate high-bred features, and the richest complexion imaginable of that rare mellow brown flushing into crimson on the cheek and chin. But that complexion was hateful to us, through association, and it was probably that, I thought, which gave me the singular thrill of—I can hardly tell what—when she was ushered into my presence. But when once she had spoken and smiled, I forgot it all. There was magic in her smile. She won me entirely as she did Katherine also, and after an interview of ten minutes or so we engaged her unconditionally, without thinking to speak of references. So the next day brought her to Sea View, bag and baggage, greatly to the delight of Rose, who had fallen even more violently in love with her than we had, at first sight. Bernard did not see her until she was fairly domiciled with us, being absent at the time, so he had no voice in the matter.

Mademoiselle sang, and nothing could be more exquisite than her voice and style, but her voice in speaking was her greatest charm, whether she spoke in her own musical language or in ours, which she tripped over in the prettiest way imaginable—pure English it was, certainly, and the lisping foreign accent made it very attractive. Then the bright glances which always accompanied her speech fascinated me strangely. The longer we saw her the more charmed we were. Her presence shed a blithe air over the household as sweet as unfamiliar, and we quite longed for Bernard to return, to see what he would say to such a happy addition to our group.

"What if he should fall in love with her?" said Katherine, with some sudden alarm in her tone.

I laughed in careless unconcern. Truly, what if he should?

"O Laura, I should not like him to marry her; but how can any one help falling in love with her? She is the only person I ever saw that was perfectly bewitching!"

"But because she is so to you, it is by no means a sign that she will be so to Bernard. He is peculiar. I am more afraid that he will not like her, and will wound her feelings by his marked avoidance, if not incivility, as he usually does those who do not happen to meet with his approval. Poor Bernard!"

In speaking of him we almost invariably ended with this, made pathetic by the accompaniment of a sigh. He was peculiar certainly; our pride and our sorrow, at the same time poet, painter and musician, full of the fire of genius, but afflicted with a morbid melancholy from his birth, an imagination teeming with strange ghostly fancies, and since papa died he had given himself up entirely to sadness. It rained the night on which he returned, a dreary winter rain, accompanied by a fierce wind that rattled the shutters and made doleful cries in the trees without. But we were as cosy as possible within, around a merry fire in the great library, Katherine half buried in a heap of rainbow-colored worsteds, playing over her embroidery, and lazily leaning back in an easy-chair, listening to the fairy tales which mademoiselle was relating to Rose. They were both seated on the hearthrug, Rose's golden curls touching mademoiselle's nutbrown braids, her blue eyes brightening with every particularly fascinating sentence which fell from mademoiselle's lips, till they danced like the elves which peopled the wonderful tales. And mademoiselle's face was as bright and eager as the child's. The expression of her eyes was as varied as her fancies, now gay, now sad; the dimples came and went in her soft dark cheeks, she laughed and then she almost cried with Rose, when the tale took some sad turn—when the poor princess was separated from her lover, or the butterfly which was not a butterfly in reality, but a beautiful princess put under some cruel spell of enchantment by a wicked fairy, wept tears enough to make dew for a whole garden of roses!

The tales were almost as delightful to me as to Rose, and Katherine listened to them with wistful wondering eyes, but it was the charm in mademoiselle's face and voice more than what she told. One tale had a

merry ending, and we all laughed in sympathy, mademoiselle's eyes shining with delight to reflect the unspeakable satisfaction in those of Rose, when suddenly I looked up and saw Bernard standing in the doorway, and regarding us with a frown.

"O Bernard!" I said, rising hurriedly in my joy to see him once more. And Rose sprang towards him delightedly.

But he did not come forward to greet us, he turned into the hall again; and I found him a moment afterwards standing in the desolate drawing-room looking stern and strange.

"Why, Bernard," said I, touching him on the shoulder, "what is the matter?"

"Tell me," said he, grasping my hand fiercely, "who is that—that person in the library?"

"Why, Rose's governess, to be sure," said I, amazedly. "I wrote you about her. She is a French woman, and we like her exceedingly."

"And with that face!" said he, slowly, and in a tone of almost terror. "I tell you, Laura, I will not stay under the same roof with her!"

I was alarmed. What could it mean? Had he met her before, or had he become suddenly insane, and was not aware what he was saying?

"O Bernard!" said Katherine, who had joined us and heard his last words, "what can you mean? What do you know of mademoiselle—what is there about her face which displeases you? It's the most charming face I ever saw. I thought you would be pleased with her."

"Never let me see her again!" he said, without heeding Katherine's words.

And then Rose came dancing about him, and he seemed to forget all about it, and was himself again, holding the child in his arms, with her playful kisses on his cheek.

"Dear Uncle Bernard," she said, at last, "I want you to come into the library and see my governess. She's so pretty! O, you can't think how pretty, and she knows nicer stories than you do, even. Won't you come?"

He loosened her arms from his neck, and placing her on her feet, strode up stairs without a word, and was seen no more that night. Rose's lips quivered with grieved surprise.

"What can the matter be?" said I to

Katherine when we were alone. "How strangely Bernard behaves!"

"O, it's only one of his unaccountable freaks," said she, impatiently. "He is over-fatigued by his journey, and the storm affects his spirits. He'll recover from it soon. I've known him to take a sudden dislike to a strange face before, though he seemed really agitated to-night."

We did not like to talk or think of Bernard's strangeness much, and going back into the bright library, we tried to coax our thoughts into the charmed fairy drift again. But now we heard the rain and wind as we had not heard it before. Rose's face looked as if she had forgotten the elves, and mademoiselle had the weary pathetic look which would sometimes steal into her sweet young face.

"Do sing something, mademoiselle," said Katherine, at last.

Mademoiselle complied at once, and I at least floated into the fairy regions again. She always chose something which chimed with one's mood exactly. Now the dashing, sparkling things, which she had sung in the afternoon when the fire was crackling its brightest, and the commonplace daylight looked in at the windows, would have jarred upon our ears, though they were as exhilarating as a draught of wine then. Now she sang something half sad, but tender and soothing as the dream of a summer river.

Bernard's passion was music, and such singing as this would charm him I knew, so I softly opened the hall door that the pure sweet tones might steal up to him. I fancied that they would bring him down whether he would or no, and that he would be reconciled to mademoiselle from that moment. But he didn't come, though I heard a slight movement in the hall, and when I went up stairs to my room a while later, I discovered that his door was ajar.

The next morning I felt nervous and dreaded another scene with him. What would mademoiselle think of his uncivil behaviour? It was very likely that he had forgotten his last night's fancy, and as likely that he had not. I met him in the hall and his gloomy face disheartened me; it was always melancholy, but not always under such a black cloud.

"Will it never be done raining?" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I hate this wild stormy weather."

Rose and mademoiselle were already in the breakfast-room, laughing and chatting as merrily as larks. Bernard stopped on the threshold an instant, then turned away again with an almost angry face. Mademoiselle saw his movements and looked both surprised and pained. Rose ran to him for a good-morning kiss, but he shook her off with a rudeness so unlike himself, and so unexpected, that she burst into tears.

"O Bernard!" I exclaimed, in a low voice, looking my sorrow and surprise.

"I can't help it, Laura, indeed I cannot," said he, apologetically. "I don't know what it is in that girl's face, exactly, that makes me dislike the sight of her so. But I don't like Frenchwomen, I never did. I can't bear the idea of her being the companion of little Rose."

"How ridiculous it is, Bernard," said I, sternly, "for a man like you to indulge in such a silly prejudice. It would not seem such perfect folly in a child. Come, breakfast is waiting."

He hesitated, and I really believe he would have refused to sit at the table with mademoiselle, had she not just then appeared in the doorway to look for Rose, not knowing that we were still in the hall. He looked at her scrutinizingly, and for a moment she looked down in a little flutter of embarrassment. Then suddenly she raised her eyes to his—her eyes, childlike in their surprised innocence, but full of warm passionate depths, and with an appealing look in them that would have touched any heart. As I have said before, there was magic in mademoiselle's glance. Bernard's cheek flushed crimson, and he advanced toward her as if drawn thither without his will, and his face brightened with a smile. From that moment he was mademoiselle's lover, and I knew it at the time.

The stormy weather troubled him no more. There was no stormy weather in the sunshine of her presence. Never any one exercised such power over him as she did, from the first. If he came into the room where he had left her after a moment's absence, and found that she had flitted away up stairs, his look of disappointment was woeful, and he was not content until he found her again.

"You have changed your mind wonderfully concerning mademoiselle's face, haven't you, Bernard?" said I to him, slyly, one day.

His brow clouded for an instant, then he brightened, and said with a serious sort of a smile, "I verily believe that mademoiselle is a witch!"

I half believed so too, for such a change had come over Bernard since he had known her—such a happy change! To be sure he was not entirely roused from his melancholy, but his morbidness, his strange fits of impenetrable gloom had vanished. He grew to be more like other people, moved about with a certain and resolute step, roused himself from his idle languor, and we rejoiced in him even as he had hoped to do when he was younger, and before papa's death had cast such a spell over him.

He seemed to remember and realize for the first time that he was wasting his powers—the gifts which God had given him, and commenced to work in earnest. Mademoiselle was radiant. Her eyes full of some blessed expectation, which softened if it did not quite take away the sadness in their depths. It was quite evident that she had been acquainted with sorrow. Her face was young and unworn, her smile flashed out as brightly as a child's, but there was a pathetic look about her sweet girlish mouth, and an expression in her eyes at times, which reminded one of Guido's Beatrice Cenci. They looked straight into your own with perfect innocence, but, as if they shrank from meeting your gaze because the sorrow of her heart was too deep to be shared, and made her remote from all the world. Katherine could only see that she looked a little sad, however, and it was not strange that she should do so, as she was all alone—had not a living relative in this country, and only distant ones in France.

"Ah," said Katherine, "what I feared has come to pass! They love each other. Bernard is like a new being to be sure, but I cannot quite reconcile myself to the idea of his marrying her, and he will do so of course. Do you like it, Laura?"

"I thought you were extremely fond of mademoiselle," said I, evasively; for though I had thought of it many times, and with no feeling but that of happiness, when she asked me the question so directly, I could not answer her as directly that I did like it. Why, I could hardly tell. It seemed the most desirable thing in the world that Bernard should marry, and though mademoiselle was poor and inferior as far as position was concerned, Bernard had money enough

for both, and as his wife the world in which we moved would be delighted to recognize her as its own, though it ignored her entirely now. She was a lady, and would shine in any circle.

"Indeed I am fond of her," said Katherine, earnestly, "and I think she is fit to be the bride of a king, if she is poor and dependent, but I always tremble when I think of Bernard's marriage. I never saw him so happy as he is now, in all my life, but it would take so little of a shock to destroy his happiness, if she should prove to be—"

"To be what?" I laughed, nervously.

She did not reply, for just then Bernard himself appeared, his eyes lighted as I never saw them before. I was sitting on a sofa, and he came directly towards me, and sitting on a low stool at my feet placed his head in my lap.

"Wish me joy, Laura," said he, in tones that sounded as if he were speaking through tears. "She has confessed that she loves me; she has consented to become my wife."

I tried to speak, and so did Katherine, but both were silent. I twined my fingers caressingly through his hair, and clasped his hand to assure him of my sympathy.

"Poor little thing!" he said, then suddenly rising. "You must go to her, girls. She fears that you will be displeased with her that she has dared to love me, and is making herself miserable over it. You will be kind to her I know. Assure her that you will welcome her gladly as a sister, for how can you help doing so?"

Of course we could not refuse to do this, and our hearts warmed over the poor child. We found her in a state of great agitation. She was pacing the floor restlessly. There were tears in her eyes, and instead of the shy joy we expected to find in her face and manner, there was doubt and sorrow.

"I could not help loving him, but O, I ought not to have done so. I ought to have gone away long ago, but it was so hard," she said. "I am not fit for any good man's love. Not that my conscience is not as white as your own, but I have a secret in my heart which burns me—tortures me, almost makes me mad. I have not sinned myself, but it is all as dreadful as if I had. Tell me, Miss Winthrop, tell me, Miss Laura. Do you think one should throw away her life—renounce love, friendship, all dear human ties, because one of her own blood has committed a terrible sin?"

"No, no, no," I said earnestly, at the same time folding her in my arms. "You are morbid, dear. We trust you, we believe in you, we are satisfied that you will make Bernard happy. While one is innocent herself, it is worse than foolish to grieve over the sins of others, even if they are of the same blood." Her sorrow had moved me strangely, and her eyes which were lifted to mine were so pure in their appeal.

But a suspicion had crept into Katherine's mind, and lay there in a dark corner. She could not rid herself of it, though she tried to be as cordial as I was.

"In one way I do believe in her," she said to me afterwards; "but I feel as if it was a fatal day that she came to this house."

Spring came, and the linnets were singing in the garden, and Mademoiselle Desree, as we had learned to call her, was singing like a lark in the house. Bernard listened to no music save her voice in these days, and we were making preparations for a merry wedding. Her cheeks were as damask as the roses of her own province, a bonnier bride than she was never seen, and he walked as if he were walking on air, and seemed to have forgotten everything but happiness. He watched Desree's pretty brown fingers toy with the bridal laces, assisted in decorating the house for the great event, or roamed about restlessly, amusing us while we worked, with his quaint jests and merry talk.

"But, Laura," said he to me one day, "this is only a dream; it isn't reality! I shall wake from it by-and-by—wake to despair, I fear sometimes."

Desree was a restless little body, too; more so than usual now. She was less sad; she had lost the Beatrice Cenci look, but she had such nervous fingers! they trembled so, even while they were occupied, and every little noise gave her such a start.

But the night before the day fixed for the wedding, something occurred which changed the festive air of the house to one of blank desolation. It was a night which will always remain in my memory as vividly as if it were only last night. We were all together in the library, Katherine, Bernard, Desree and I, holding a little consultation over the programme of to-morrow. Desree and Bernard were sitting side by side on a *tete-a-tete* which was placed against the wall, when all of a sudden a picture, a landscape in oils which had only been hung four

or five years before, fell to the floor with a loud crash, the heavy cord which held it breaking in twain. Bernard stooped to lift the picture which had fallen on its face, or at least on the face of the landscape. Desiree uttered a cry which seemed to thrill with amazement and horror. Bernard turned as pale as death.

"I do not wonder that you are alarmed, Desiree," he said. "That face, O that face!"

I hurried across the room to discover the cause of so much dismay. Directly at his feet, with the eyes lifted strangely towards his face, was the painted portrait of our father's wife—his murderess! I remembered then that the painting had belonged to her, though who would ever have imagined that her portrait was on the other side of the canvas?

"Take it away," said Bernard, hoarsely, "it is an omen of evil!"

And indeed I felt that it was so, as with my own hands I tore the hateful canvas from its frame, and threw it into the fire.

"Destroy the frame, too," said Katherine, excitedly. "It has held her image, and that is enough. I never could bear to see it again."

"Did the noise startle you so, dear?" said Bernard, turning to Desiree. "The face cannot have the same look to you that it has to us, but I always thought it a dreadful face, cunning, cruel, deceitful. Never let us think or speak of it again. It *shall* not cloud our wedding."

"I am nervous," said Desiree, trying to smile with lips which looked as if they were frozen.

We concluded that she was overtired. The excitement of the past few weeks had been too much for her, and we advised her to retire to her room at once, so as to be fresh and bright for the morrow.

Bernard thought the fresh air would do her good, and took her out for a little promenade in the terrace. It was a bright evening, and there was a fresh cool wind though it was May. But it did not bring back the color to her cheek; and though she laughed and chatted with her lover as usual, her voice sounded strange and unnatural. She was very tired, she said.

But she seemed loath to leave us. She lingered over her good-nights. I remember now, how sorrowfully, how longingly she looked into Bernard's face, as I have some-

times seen people look in the faces of their dead, when they parted at last.

Bernard settled into something like his old gloom, after she went up stairs.

"I hope you will not let such a trifling thing as the falling of that picture depress you, Bernard," I said, trying to be cheerful.

"No, it is hardly that," he replied, "though that was a very strange happening, but I am perfectly idiotic about Desiree; I can't bear to have her out of my sight for an instant."

It was as bright a morning as ever dawned. The sea spread one broad sheet of splendor in the early sunshine. The sky looked down as if it were glad of the beauty which it saw, and the birds sang bridal hymns in every blossoming tree. The house was heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and an air of happy expectation reigned everywhere. Bernard seemed to have quite recovered from his melancholy, and bore up wonderfully under the absence of Desiree, for she was late, and we waited breakfast a long time.

"Poor child!" said he, "do not disturb her until you are obliged to do so. She was so tired last night, and her long sleep will refresh her."

Nearly an hour passed. Baskets of flowers and refreshments came from town. Wedding presents arrived in showers, and the house was all astir in preparation for the happy event, which was to take place at noon. But still Desiree did not appear. Katherine ran up stairs and tapped lightly on her door; but all was silence within, and she crept away on tiptoe, thinking to let her sleep a few moments longer. At last her maid was sent to arouse her.

"I am in such haste to see her in her bridal dress," said Katherine. "How beautiful she will be."

"Mademoiselle is gone; her room is quite empty," announced the maid, appearing with a dismayed face.

It was true; mademoiselle had gone. The drawers in her room were rifled of their contents, and her trunks were taken away, with the exception of those containing her bridal finery, and there was no trace of her anywhere. A letter directed to Bernard lay on the table. It ran thus:

"BERNARD,—I am *that woman's* daughter. What more need I say in explanation of my flight? It seems cruel in me to leave

you thus, but it would be more cruel in me to stay and marry you under the circumstances. Believe me, I was not aware that I was coming into her husband's family when I engaged to act as governess to little Rose. It was revealed to me last night for the first time. I shivered at the name, but there are many Winthrops in the city. I did not know your dwelling-place, and had no knowledge of your family. I was homeless, in sore need, and a stranger in a strange land. I came to this country, that I might never see her face again. I *could* not, though she was my mother, and I knew that she would not be likely to haunt this region any more. Her guilt was accidentally revealed to me, and I had borne the burden of the dreadful knowledge until I was nearly mad, when I came to you. Pity me, Bernard. My heart is breaking, and the thought that I may be breaking yours, is

more than I can bear. I ought not to have loved you in any case. I ought not to have allowed you to love me, but I was weak. I could not help it. Now it is impossible that we shall ever see each other again. Forget me, and be happy, if you can. DESIREE."

He read it with a still stupefied look, as if his senses had suddenly been benumbed, and he never recovered from that strange stupor, though years and years have passed since that day, and his hair is white as snow. They call him insane, but he indulges in no wild fancies, is very quiet and seldom speaks at all. Sometimes we hear him whispering Desiree's name to himself, but he has never called for her, or spoken of her aloud. He has the air of one waiting, and often stops at the door of the room she used to occupy, and listens in a bewildered way at the key-hole.

DR. GREY.

BY BLANCHE SHAW.

DURING the summer of 18—, which I spent in the village of Morton, I met Dr. Grey. It came about this way. From some indiscretion of diet, I was seized by an indisposition that baffled the primitive treatment of my good hostess, and rendered the services of a physician necessary. Dr. Grey was called. My estimation of country doctors was not of the highest order, and I had strongly opposed sending for him; but the moment he entered my room my feelings experienced a revolution, and I was as powerfully attracted to him as I had before been, in imagination, repelled. He was about forty years old; with dark brown hair, thickly mixed with gray. His face was not handsome, but possessed a charm far greater than beauty: that of the most delicate refinement, combined with the power to suffer deeply and be strong; and the deep lines about his mouth, and the quiet earnestness of his dark gray eyes told that this power had been tried to its utmost strength. His figure was of medium height, stoutly built and muscular; his dress of a coarse gray material, scrupulously neat; and his hands, which were carefully kept, were small and white as a woman's. Everything about him declared him a gentleman of the truest kind, but at the same time marked him as a man whose life had been thwarted and blighted by a great sorrow, and to whom the sensibilities and powers that should have made life brighter and happier, had only been self-held weapons that buried themselves in their owner's heart. This was Dr. Grey as he appeared to me that morning in my sick room; and without a moment's resistance I surrendered myself to the mercy of his medicine and the power of his fascination. He was a skillful physician, and under his treatment I was soon restored to health and appetite, much to the delight of good Mrs. Brown.

But my conversation with the doctor did not end with convalescence. During my illness a friendship had sprung up between us, which, without breaking through any of his reserve, gave me glimpses of his mind and heart that drew me still closer to him;

and after my recovery scarcely an evening passed that did not find me sitting with him in his dingy little office, discussing metaphysics and science over our cigars. Dear friend! long years have passed since those days, and your weary heart and brain have found rest and forgetfulness in the kindly shelter of the grave. But never can time dim their memory to me; it burns as brightly now as though they were but yesterday. How well I remember those rare moments, when, aroused by some congenial subject, he would break forth in eloquence, the vehement brilliancy of which would hold me spellbound; and then suddenly, as though frightened by what he had done, he would fall back into his old reserve, which was all the sterner after the moment's freedom.

The summer passed slowly but pleasantly away, and one evening, but a few days before the time of my intended departure, I stopped, as usual, at the doctor's office. I found him in a particularly happy mood, and time slipped by unheeded till the clock struck eleven. I started up, exclaiming:

"Bless me! I had no idea it was so late. If Mrs. Brown locks me out, it is your fault, doctor."

I stepped out into the street, and at that moment a clap of thunder burst. I looked at the sky. It was black as ink; a heavy shower was gathering that would break long before I could reach my home. It wasn't a cheering prospect, and I looked dolefully at the black clouds, till a blinding flash of lightning made me start back, and at that moment the doctor placed his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Come in, Wilders; that cloud will break in five minutes. You are crazy to think of starting."

My mind had already accepted that fact, and I complied with his request without hesitation; and in less time than he had predicted a perfect hurricane was raging.

"A fine time you would have had fighting that," said he, as rain and wind dashed against the window. "But come, let us sit down and make ourselves comfortable."

He produced some more cigars, and we were soon again lost in metaphysics and smoke.

At the end of an hour I made another motion to depart. The storm was still raging, and the doctor rose and looked out of the door.

"It is folly, Wilders," said he, "for you to think of returning to-night. The rain is coming down in torrents. The roads will be like rivers; and besides, you will be obliged to frighten good Mrs. Brown from her slumbers to let you in. You will have to yield to circumstances, and share my shelter to-night. Not being in the habit of entertaining, I can't offer very sumptuous accommodations, but I think I can make you comfortable."

The prospect of a long wet walk in the dark was not enticing, and I at once accepted his offer, adding a hope that I did not inconvenience him.

"Not at all," he replied. "I am glad to have you." He hesitated a moment, as if debating a question with himself. Then he went behind the little counter, and opening a door, continued, "Come into this room, Wilders; it is a little more cheerful than this den of drugs and cobwebs."

I followed him, and entered a small room, which, though plainly furnished, had an air of comfort and neatness seldom found in bachelors' quarters. A window stood open, and as we entered a gust of wind rushed through, nearly extinguishing the lamp. I hastened to close the window, and when I looked around the doctor had placed the revived lamp upon a table above which hung a picture of the loveliest female face I ever beheld. How shall I describe it! Large lustrous black eyes, wavy masses of jetty hair, falling low over a broad white brow; olive-tinted cheeks, glowing with crimson, and full rich lips, parted just to show the pearly teeth behind. These were its features; but over all hung a subtle charm that a pen is powerless to describe. An exclamation of admiration rose to my lips, but before I could utter it my eyes fell on the doctor's face as he turned from the lamp. It was stony, ashy white, the lines on it deepened as though by a chisel. Instinctively I choked back the cry, and made a remark on the force of the wind. He started, as though just aroused; a little color came into his face, and then, with an effort he still strove to hide, he said, quietly:

"The wind is no child's play to-night. I doubt if you could have fought your way against it." Then, with a sudden dash of recklessness I had never seen before, he added, "Let it blow till it cracks its cheeks! We will laugh back, and be merry over a bowl of old Pickwickian punch!"

He opened a sideboard, and taking out some decanters brewed a bowl of nectar that would have delighted the palate of Jove himself. By this time the doctor was himself again, and relighting our cigars, we proceeded to make the best of present blessings. The doctor sat with his back towards the picture, and it was directly opposite to me, so that I could not raise my eyes without meeting the gaze of those wondrous painted ones, which fascinated me like a serpent's. The clock struck one. I was a little sleepy, and the conversation had begun to flag. A long pause occurred, and I was mentally praying the doctor to suggest "bed," when he aroused me by saying, suddenly, without looking at me:

"You think her so very beautiful?"

Instinctively I knew he meant the picture, and replied, with warmth:

"Beautiful! By heavens, yes! More beautiful than anything on earth could be! Who is it?"

"My wife!"

The stony look had come back on his face, not a muscle moved, and the words came from his lips as they would from those of a corpse. I dropped my cigar and stared at him in silent amazement, till, without another word, he sprang up, and turning to the picture, looked at it, with such a wild hopeless yearning that, hard man of the world that I was, the tears rose to my eyes. At last he turned from the picture, and, without a word, paced the floor rapidly a few moments, when he stopped and threw himself into a chair. His eyes now met mine for the first time. The hard look was gone, and they were filled with that mute helpless light that one sees in a wounded beast's.

"Wilders," said he, slowly, his voice sounding as hollow as an echo, "Wilders, God only knows why it is, I have never before felt that human sympathy could do aught for me; but to-night some power draws me closer to you, and urges me to open to you a chapter in my life I thought closed forever."

He paused. My heart was bursting to

say something, but no words came, and he resumed:

"You are the first human being except myself who has crossed this threshold since I came to this dreary den, twenty years ago; the only one who has ever gazed upon her face." He half turned to the picture, but suddenly checked himself, and, looking earnestly at me, he continued, "Wilders, would you mind hearing a story—a long sad story?"

I seized his hand, and said, brokenly, "Thank God, dear friend, that you count me worthy to hear it."

He pressed my hand tightly, and began:

"Twenty-one years ago I graduated in my profession, my friends said with honor. Be that as it may, I held my diploma—that was the main thing. Patrons flocked around me, and patients, usually so shy of young practitioners, came plentifully, and a brilliant career was predicted as my certain fate. I had been practising about six months, when the quiet of our village was disturbed by the fact that Thorn Hall, a large house that stood just beyond the village, and had been unoccupied for years, was taken by a family who would soon arrive. Of course, curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and reports were rife regarding the new-comers. Nothing, however, was positively known except that they were foreign. They arrived soon, and the additional fact that the family consisted of the father, a maiden aunt and one daughter was learned, but here discoveries stopped; for, though perfectly courteous and polite, the strangers declined to hold any communication with their neighbors. Scarlet fever was doing sad work among the children of a low district near at that time, and I was so absorbed by my duties that I gave but little heed to Thorn Hall and its tenants, till one night, on returning from a late visit, I was reminded of them by a note requesting my immediate attendance. I was very tired, and my first impulse was to let the call lie over till morning, but my sense of professional duty was strong, and after a short hesitation I ordered a fresh horse and set out for the Hall.

"It was midnight when I reached the house. A servant admitted me, and ushered me into a room furnished with sumptuous elegance. I had but brief time to notice it, for almost simultaneously another door opened, and a tall queenly woman, about

forty years of age, appeared. Her dress and face both told me she was Spanish, before she spoke, which she did with a strong accent: "Ah, señor et doctor, you have come! Let us hasten at once to our Juna. She is very ill."

"She turned again to the door by which she had entered, and I followed her across another room, and up a broad staircase to the sick chamber. I stepped lightly as I entered, but it was unnecessary; the thick carpet would not have given back the tread of an elephant. A subdued light was burning. I approached the bed, pushed back the filmy curtains, and beheld Juna."

He paused, and pressed his hand over his eyes, and when he spoke again his voice was low.

"She was sleeping. Her long lashes lay upon her cheek, and—O God! I cannot speak of her as she lay that night! Look at that face, and fancy it in peaceful childlike slumber!"

He bowed his head, but it was only for a moment, and then lifting it he went on rapidly:

"I counted her pulse, and looked at her closely, but could discover no symptom of illness; and, leaving a harmless powder, to satisfy the anxiety of her aunt, I left, promising to call next day. I did so, early in the morning, and found the patient so weak and exhausted that I was astonished. I examined the case closely, but could discover no cause for the prostration, her aunt assuring me that she had been perfectly well the day before. I was puzzled, and prescribing a gentle tonic, I left her. But why dwell on this? I attended her daily, and nearly three months elapsed from the night I first saw her sleeping till she was restored to health. During this time I had seen her beauty grow brighter each day, drank in the soft lisping tones of her voice, and read the childlike purity of her heart.

"Youth will be youth. You can guess the result—I loved her! I, the poor hard-working doctor, loved her, the petted child of pride and wealth, with all the strength of my strong heart. I never knew how the knowledge first came to me. I was neither elated nor distracted by it as I suppose I should have been, but looked it firmly and calmly in the face, and resolved to bear it like a man. I felt my love was hopeless, or rather, I did not feel at all on that subject. In all our intercourse Juna had acted with

the frank confidence of a child; treating me with undisguised affection, and yielding implicit obedience to my slightest command; but never by word or look showing that her woman's heart had been awakened. And even had she done so, I could not have been so base as to betray the confidence of her friends, and win their darling from them to share my hard lot. No; I had been foolish and mad, and I must pay the price of my folly. I resolved to leave the place, and with hard work in new scenes try to bury the past. I did not give myself time to reflect or repent, but at once made arrangements for my departure. In vain friends expostulated, upbraided and prayed; I was obdurate. Three days after my resolution, everything was settled, and I mounted my horse to pay my farewell visit to the Hall. The sun was just setting when I reached it. It was June. The doors and windows stood open, and Senora Plaza was sitting on the piazza. She welcomed me warmly, and expressed real sorrow when I told her my intentions.

"'Indeed, doctor,' said she, 'you must not go, we cannot spare you. What will poor Juna do? she will be quite heart-broken.'

"I laughed and thanked her for her flattering regret, added that I had no fear but Juna would soon be consoled, and then asked if I should have the pleasure of seeing her to say 'good-by.' She replied:

"'Certainly, she would never forgive me, if I let you go without it. You will find her somewhere in the garden.'

"The garden was well known to me, and in a few moments I was by Juna's side. How lovely she was that evening, surrounded by flowers that paled beside her! I stood talking with her some time, wishing, but not having the courage to say the words I had to say. The sun sank lower, and the dew began to fall, and at last with a contempt for my weakness I said:

"'I must take you to the house now, for it is getting damp, and it would never do to let you commit an indiscretion, during my last visit!'

"She looked at me in surprise.

"'Your last visit, doctor? Don't you come to see me when I'm well? I'll get sick again.'

"Her dark eyes were full upon me. I tried to smile; it was a pitiable attempt, and I said, hurriedly:

"'I am only too happy to see you any time, seniorita, but I can do so no more; I am going away from here. I have come to bid you good-by.'

"Her eyes never moved from my face, and the color slowly faded from her cheek and lips, till she was ghostly white; I seized her hand in terror, crying:

"'Juna, are you ill? speak!' But she said no word, only stared at me with great beseeching eyes, till suddenly burying her face in her hands she burst into tears. Vain were duty, reason and everything else, before those tears. In an instant I held her in my arms, and was pouring wild words of love into her ears, and promising never to leave her; and then she nestled close to me and smiled through her tears. At last she grew calm, and I took her to the house, and then went away to my own home to reflect upon what I had done, and what I should do. The last was easily decided. Honor pointed to but one course—I must go to her father at once and ask him for his daughter. I dared not think of the reception the haughty Spaniard would give me, but my duty to Juna demanded that I should do it. I called on him the next day, and judge my joy and amazement when he listened to me courteously, and gave me his consent and blessing.

"Now comes a period of my life I hardly dare to think of. Its perfect happiness, viewed from my present desolation, almost drives me mad. I was constantly with Juna, and each day from the childlike purity of her heart, I saw womanly charms bud out till she seemed almost angelic in her perfection.

"The summer passed. Her father wished an early wedding day, and it was fixed for the first part of October. Of course my intention of leaving the place was abandoned. My practice increased; friends congratulated me, and Juna smiled and loved me. Earth never held a happier mortal."

The doctor stopped here. The shower was over, and the air had become hot and sultry. This may have been the cause of the great drops of perspiration that stood on the doctor's brow. He did not seem to feel them, but stretching out his hand he seized a decanter, and pouring out a large glass of brandy, he drank it eagerly, and then resumed:

"We were married. The wedding was very quiet, and we started at once on our

tour. A week of travelling passed, and then we stopped for a few days' rest in a little mountain village, whose beauty had attracted us. The second day after our arrival, I observed that Juna did not appear well. She was flushed and feverish, and inclined to sleep a great deal. She spent most of the day on a lounge, but attributing the cause to fatigue, I was not at all alarmed, and merely kept cooling lotions on her head, and watched her closely. Towards night the fever subsided, but she grew still more sleepy, and she yielded passively to my suggestion to retire. I assisted her to our rooms. She was so sleepy that I was obliged to undress her like a child, and the moment her head touched the pillow she sank into a deep slumber. I watched her till nearly midnight; and then, as all symptoms of fever were gone and her breathing was soft and regular, I also retired. I must have slept about an hour, when I was awakened by a rustling sound at the bedside. My first thought was of Juna. I put my hand on her pillow. It was empty. I sprang up. I had left the lamp burning dimly, and by it I saw a white figure coming towards me. I put out my hand and called Juna! and then something soft but strong clutched my throat, and I felt a sharp burning pain across my breast.

"I am a strong man, and it was but the work of a second to wrench myself free and turn up the lamp. O God! what a sight met my eyes! In the middle of the room, with her long black hair streaming down her back, her eyes blazing like live coals, and her nightdress smeared with blood, which dripped from a razor she held in her hand, stood Juna! I gazed in dumb horror a moment, and then like a thunderbolt the fearful truth burst upon me. My wife was mad! I staggered back, and, as though aroused by the movement, she brandished the razor above her head, and sprang towards me with the yell of a tigress. Love of life is strong. I made an effort to seize her, and caught her arm as it descended. What happened after this I have no remembrance of; but there must have been a fearful struggle, for when the alarmed people burst open the door they found me lying lifeless and bloody on the floor, with my wife crouched upon my breast, laughing and gibbering, and smearing my face with the blood that was flowing from my wounds. O my God! my God!" burst out the doctor

at this point, and dashing his head on the table, he wept as only a man can weep. I gazed at him with bated breath. I dared not speak, for what could I say that would reach an agony like his? Five minutes of awful silence passed, and then he raised his head and said calmly:

"The rest is soon told. My wife was taken from me and secured. They carried me to my bed, where I lay for weeks raving in delirium, from which I awakened to learn the ghastly truth that my wife was a hopeless maniac! Her gray-haired father, on his knees, told me all. Her mother had died insane when her child was but a few months old, not from accidental causes, but a tendency inherited with her blood. The infant had been watched with the closest scrutiny, her life made as bright and happy as love could make it, and every care taken to smother any lurking germ that might be in her brain. She passed the days of her childhood safely, and all fears were hushed to rest, till the evening of my first call, when the demon had made a struggle to assert his empire. He was beaten back that time, but not conquered; and from that hour her father saw the sword, held by a single hair, hang over his child's head. Then came her love for me. His haughty spirit rebelled against giving his child to the obscure doctor, but he dared not oppose her; his love was stronger than pride. He hoped the heart might heal the brain. He gave his consent, and let me go on in happy ignorance of the frightful fiend that was grinning at me.

"The tears rolled down the old man's face as he told me this, and begged me not to curse him. Curse him! for what? Because he could not make the few drops of bliss that he had given me swell into an everlasting draught! Had I known all, I would have loved her; and I blessed him that the short rapture I had lived was without a cloud. Poor old man! he did not stagger long beneath his cross. Two months later, and he slept beneath the sod."

Again the doctor stopped, and in a low voice I said, almost involuntarily:

"And Juna?"

And he replied, "Lives now in the asylum of M——."

At this moment the first red light of dawn fell into the room. It played across the picture's face, making it seem to smile; and then it fell upon the doctor, and called

him back to the present. He started up and said:

"I have kept you up all night, Wilders. Forgive me, if your head aches; but God only knows the good it has done me."

He held out his hand, and I grasped it tightly for a moment, and then, without a word, he unfastened the door and led the way out. I found Mrs. Brown busy with her early breakfast when I reached home. She had been full of alarm at my absence, and expressed grave suspicions about the accommodations I had during the night. However, by disposing of an unusually hearty breakfast, I managed to satisfy her that my health was not irretrievably lost.

I left the village soon after, and several years elapsed before I visited it again; and then, when I went to the well-remembered little office, I found it occupied by a stranger, who, in reply to my inquiry for my old friend, said:

"O, he's dead. Died soon after his wife. It came out he had a wife. Her body was sent here. They are both buried out in the churchyard yonder. Queer man, they say; didn't know him much." And he turned to wait on a customer. I walked away to the churchyard, where I found two green mounds, marked by a single slab which bore the words, "United in Death."

ETHEL'S TRIAL.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

"THE crash must come—it is inevitable!"

These words rang in the ears of Ethel Wyndham. She could still see her father's face as it looked when he spoke them, could still hear the desperate calmness of his voice. Beyond the idea bound up in that sentence there evidently existed nothing for him. When one's whole earthly interest can be thus expressed in a few words, the mind is in a dangerous state.

Richard Wyndham had two idols, but just now one absorbed the other. Business, being nearer his mental view, engrossed his attention almost completely, shutting out his daughter from his thoughts. Illness and wretchedness are proverbially selfish. They identify themselves with us so wholly, they force themselves so perseveringly upon our notice, that it is well nigh an impossibility for heart and brain to rebel against their tyranny.

So Mr. Wyndham, loving his daughter as he never had loved anything else on earth, lost sight of his affection for her in the misery of coming ruin. And, in that long conversation between the two, during which Ethel shuddered to think with what happy carelessness she had been sporting on the brink of that terrible precipice, commercial ruin, Mr. Wyndham showed that in the future he saw no faintest gleam of hope, nothing worth living for.

"And I am less to him than his business!" thought Ethel, with a pang. "Does no one in the world love me?" Then came a swift heart-beat that sent a rosy glow to her cheek, which paled again as that heart sank back, heavy as lead.

The blow that seemed to her so sudden had been impending for months and years, her father told her, yet he had never revealed it to his nearest and dearest, but had lived on, from day to day, with this sword hanging over his head, ready to fall at any moment.

"O why were you so cruelly kind to me, father?" she entreated. "Why could not I have helped to bear the burden and grown accustomed to it? Now—now—" and her voice failed of utterance.

"Until the last, I hoped to avert it—hoped against hope. I wished my daughter to retain her place in society."

"But O papa, what do I care for society in comparison with this! I have been so extravagant—so frivolous it seems to me now—and this very night I was going to a party! I could at least have avoided spending money to which I had no honest right."

The merchant winced; Ethel saw it.

"O papa, I did not mean—" but her father interrupted her.

"Ethel, it is my desire that you go to this party, as you had intended."

Ethel started. "Do not ask it, papa, I cannot."

"Not if I request it? not if I say that I earnestly desire it? You shall tell me about it to-morrow," forcing a smile. "And now go and dress. Be your very gayest to-night; don't let the world guess you are a bankrupt's daughter."

He had kissed her fondly and she had gone to her room, but as it was not yet time to dress, she dismissed the maid, who looked curiously at her mistress's pale face, as she closed the door, her quick French perception divining that something unusual had occurred.

How Ethel loathed the bright gauzy fabric that she was to wear! There it lay, spread out on the bed, seeming to radiate a blue lustre from its sheeny folds. She had revelled in beautiful colors, but now she thought how gladly she would have worn the somberest hue.

"Henceforth I will wear nothing but black," she said to herself. "I will dress as plainly as I can; I will hide the beauty I have prized so much." And she had a rebellious impulse in her heart, as, if, by this means, she could disappoint something or other, with that feeling which leads us to spite ourselves in the hope of injuring the whole world.

By degrees her ideas grew calmer. Her brain seemed paralyzed before, but now she began to think what this ruin meant to her. A withdrawal from society, few dresses, and money earned to pay for those; in short, poverty. Yes, and something more.

Something that gave bitterness to the whole, a renunciation of happiness, happiness which meant love. Among the crowd of admirers that besieged the beauty and heiress were two who dared to call themselves her lovers; John Sumner and Gerard Mabury. Both would have given much to look into her heart as she herself to-night was doing. Her unconscious mental estimate of them, put into words, would run somewhat in this wise:

"John Sumner, good, wealthy, manly; Gerard Mabury, poor, neither true nor constant, but handsome and most fascinating. I ought to love John Sumner; he is good, and he loves me; he is wealthy, and would give me a home even more luxurious than this one; but, if he were poor, he would not mind my loss of fortune. Gerard Mabury loves me as well as it is in his nature to love, but he could never stand the test of poverty—" and she smiled, in spite of herself, at the incongruity of Gerard Mabury and any but luxurious surroundings—"He will marry an heiress," she thought. "He was born to wealth, and though, like me, he has lost it, he cannot live without it long." And she blushed, with a feeling of shame, to think how *gladly* she could have passed her life with him under any circumstances, amid any surroundings.

In past times she had wished for some test of his love, but now that such had come, she was resolved never to put him to it. She would go far away, where, even if he desired it, he could not find her.

And John Sumner?

"Marry him," urged pride. "You will retain your position in society; you can gratify your idlest whim, your most extravagant tastes."

"And speak a lie at the altar, and live a lie through life! No, I will be true to myself, first of all, however hard poverty may be." And she looked around the room at the elegant trifles, the costly toilet articles, which, to her, were not so much luxuries as necessities. Taste, with her, was much, and all these things formed a world, lovely if inanimate. How could she dispense with them, how support a life stripped bare, not only of love, but of beauty? Of the two she would have chosen love, unhesitatingly, but it was a great sacrifice to resign the other, which would have solaced all beside her heart. But her father's words, "it is inevitable," recurred to her, and, as far as

possible, for to-night, she resolved to dismiss the subject from her mind.

Looking at her watch, she saw that in these musings time had flown fast, so she rang for Lisette, who entered with the same covert glance of scrutiny with which she had departed.

"Another luxury to be resigned," thought Ethel, as the girl deftly brushed out her long abundant hair. "I must soon learn to serve myself."

Lisette could see no pallor now on the cheeks of her young mistress. Excitement had given them a vivid color, a bloom unusually bright.

"*Comme elle est belle!*" thought the French girl, as she looked at the glistening chestnut hair, the pure profile, the dark blue eyes and snowy faultless shoulders. The dress, too, was perfect, and the maid was more than ever proud of her mistress, whom she regarded somewhat in the light of an artistic creation of her own.

A knock on the door, and a servant entered with an exquisite bouquet. "For Miss Ethel, with Mr. Mabury's compliments." Closer than ever were Lisette's keen eyes fixed on Miss Ethel's face, for the dressing-maid had certain suspicions of her own, but nothing rewarded her.

"You may place it in the vase on the toilet-table, until I am ready," said Miss Wyndham.

But when Ethel herself took up the bouquet before departing, Lisette, catching sight of her in a mirror, saw something in her face that removed all doubt, a passionate yearning fondness as she caressed the fragrant petals, an expression called forth, perhaps by the flowers, perhaps by the giver.

Certainly, that night Mr. Wyndham's wish was fulfilled. His daughter was the gayest of the gay throng, and no one could have guessed at the ruin overshadowing his household.

In the conservatory, with Gerard Mabury, she did not blush beneath his eyes, as usual, but looked up and answered his last words with a smile.

"Do not spoil friendship with love-making, it is so pleasant as it is."

"Can we be nothing more to each other than friends, Ethel?"

"Is not that enough? We can be very good friends, can we not?" she said, with her winning smile.

"No," answered the young man; "we must be something more or less."

For of one thing he was certain: either this girl loved him, or she had trifled with him most heartlessly.

"Gerard," laying her fingers on his arm with a touch that thrilled him—"Gerard, do not be angry with me."

At that moment nature overpowered art in her tone, and he inclined to his first belief.

"Why do you tantalize me so, Ethel?" he said. "I believe you love me."

For one instant the telltale blood flushed her cheeks; then she replied, calmly:

"If I do, it can make no difference. I cannot marry you, Gerard."

"If we love each other, what can come between us?"

His lips were very near hers as he spoke. She grew giddy, the room seemed in a whirl, a confusion of brilliant hues and heavy perfumes. This would never do; with an effort she roused herself, and threw off the arm with which he had encircled her. The dark look returned to his face.

"Gerard," she said, slowly, "believe the best of me. I do not deserve the sentence you have passed on me. I hate deceit and coquetry. But there is a barrier between us, there are reasons I may not tell, why I can never marry you."

"And that barrier," he said, hotly, "is my lack of fortune, my accursed poverty! Wealth must marry wealth. I wish to Heaven my father's failure had made a beggar of me, so I might never have seen you! You are so fond of truth," he added, sneeringly, as Ethel sat in silence, "why do you not tell me it is assumption in me ever to have aspired to you? Heaven knows I had not intended it, but that I thought you loved me. Truth! you speak of truth! Coquette and deceitful to your heart's core! I thank Heaven I shall go to-morrow where I hope never to look on your false fair face again!"

Pale and cold she rose up from her seat, checking this wild torrent of words.

"Gerard Mabury, I will not listen to you longer. Sometime your words may come back to you with a bitter sting, sometime you may change the judgment you have just pronounced."

And before he could reply, she swept haughtily past him. During the remainder of the evening, in the gay waltzes, amid the

lights, the music, the hum of surrounding voices, Ethel Wyndham seemed unconscious of the moody dark eyes that watched her every motion.

Meanwhile, John Sumner, during Mabury's monopoly of Ethel, had consoled himself with a pretty little Southern girl. Devoted, at first, out of pique, she had brought the battery of her charms, her dark eyes and sweet tones, to bear upon him so effectually that he ended by nearly losing sight of his first motive in seeking her. Consequently, for the rest of the evening Ethel saw little of him, though she could easily have brought him back to his allegiance by the slightest exercise of that coquetry which Mabury had ascribed to her. But, throughout those gay hours, she was sensible only of the dangerous fascination of a certain presence, a fascination intensified by the knowledge that this was their last meeting. Henceforth their paths must lie apart. And Ethel unconsciously photographed on her heart the graceful figure, the haughty bearing, the handsome face with its dark restless eyes; an image that, hereafter, through sunshine or shadow, should remain with her until death.

Late into the next morning Miss Wyndham slept a deep exhausted sleep, the reaction of a tension of nerve and mind on the preceding evening. The sun had been up for hours when she descended to the breakfast-room; yet, late as was the time, her father's plate lay on the table, untouched. This deviation from his usual business punctuality surprised her somewhat, but supposing that, as was only natural, his disordered affairs might have engrossed his attention to the exclusion of other things, she asked the servant if he had taken no breakfast.

"Sure, Miss Ethel," responded the girl, "he's in his room yet. I knocked at the door, but he didn't answer, and I was afraid to wake him."

There came to Ethel a sudden fear, against which she vainly reasoned that it was utterly groundless. Possessed with the terrible conviction, she hurried up the stairs to her father's door, where she stood a moment in silence. Then she called him, but at first her frightened irresolute voice refused to sound above a whisper; then louder—"Father, are you not coming down?" And again—"Father! father!" but still there was no answer, only her own

voice echoing through the passage. She tried the door—it was locked, as she had expected. Then she remembered that the lock of her own room was similar to this. A moment more and she stood again before the door, irresolute, with the key in the lock and her hand on the key. What terror lurked beyond? what did that familiar room contain, to be revealed by the chance opening of the door? Yet what absurd apprehensions were these! Her father, like herself, had retired late—perhaps after spending the night among those endless papers—and now slept as deeply as she herself had done. With such thoughts she turned the key and opened the door. A faint sickly-sweet odor pervaded the room and filled the air with languor. The heavy curtains made a half-twilight in the apartment, whose occupant was so silent that not a breath stirred the folding drapery of the bed. Deep, indeed, the slumber preserving such deathly stillness!

Ethel stole to the bed and drew aside the curtain, with a face averted and heart whose pulsations throbbed in her ears. Then she looked down to behold the very sight her fearful fancy had conjured up, at first; something lying there, which was and was not her father, which would never speak to her, never look at her more. Unchanged, save for the stillness of death, he lay before her, his eyes closed, his features at rest, his silvered hair upon the pillow. Almost deceived into hope, she took his hand. Its corpse-like chill terrified her, and, as her own fingers relaxed, it fell again, with a dull heavy weight upon the bed. For a moment everything grew dim and faint; the outlines of the chamber became large and began to fade away. Ethel was losing hold upon consciousness. But now, as on the previous night, strong resolution held in check the overstrained nerves, and she recovered herself, to meet, as best she could, the blow that had come upon her.

Resolved that the world, which soon must know her father's death and failure, should not gossip idly of his death, her first care was to remove the telltale vial that stood upon the table beside the bed. Next she opened a window, letting in a waft of clear autumn air which bore away all trace of the sweet poisonous odor. Then, leaving the apartment, she told a servant to send the coachman to her.

"Thomas," she said, as the man came,

"get ready the close carriage immediately, and then come to me."

When he returned she gave him a note, saying:

"You are to go to Mrs. Denslow's. There will be no answer; she will return with you."

About two hours had elapsed when Thomas came with Mrs. Denslow, Ethel's aunt. Although her niece had asked her to come immediately, as something had occurred to require her presence, that lady had not been able to change her customary dilatory manner for even so urgent a request. Indeed, it is doubtful if she would have come at all during those, for her, early hours, had not her curiosity been aroused. As Ethel's nearest relative after her father, although connected not by blood but marriage, she had always exercised a sort of supervision over her niece, acting as chaperone on her *entree* in society. A worldly fashionable woman, her companionship and ideas were alike distasteful to Ethel, whose confidence she had never possessed.

When the coachman drew up before his master's house, Ethel opened the door herself, thereby slightly shocking Mrs. Denslow's sense of propriety, although she forgave it by attributing it to an eagerness to see her. But of this eagerness no trace was visible in Ethel's face. She was extremely pale, and her manner had an unnatural calmness. Even to Mrs. Denslow's dull perceptions it was evident that her advice was required upon a very serious subject.

"Why, Ethel, what is the matter, child? Do tell me what has happened?"

But Ethel only led the way up stairs, past her morning-room to the door of a handsome chamber, where, through one window, the sunshine of early autumn was streaming pleasantly, while the others were still shaded by the heavy curtains of lace and crimson brocade. What could Ethel mean by bringing her in there, Mrs. Denslow wondered. The only explanation that entered her mind, as, having recovered from the shock of her niece's white face, she followed her, silently, was that some handsome present awaited her, as a surprise. Before the bed Ethel stopped and again drew aside the curtains. Her aunt glanced in.

"Why, Ethel, is your father here, and ill? I thought his health was perfect."

But just then something in the still white face revealed the truth, and with a shriek she sank on a chair, giving way to a succession of hysterical sobs. All this Ethel knew must take place before her aunt could recover sufficient composure to speak, and, standing in the window's recess, she waited until Mrs. Denslow should regain control over her disordered nerves. To-day, indeed, there was more of genuineness than usual in her tears and sobs, for even her callous nature had received a shock.

"I never heard of anything so dreadful!" she said, as soon as she recovered breath. "How did it happen, Ethel? Had he been ill long?"

"No," was the evasive answer; for Ethel had resolved to reveal not even to her aunt the circumstances of her father's death. "Last night he seemed perfectly well except a headache, and would not hear of my giving up Mrs. Brindlock's party. But this morning, missing him from breakfast, I came up and found him—so."

"Heart disease!" said Mrs. Denslow. And for a moment another burst of hysterics seemed imminent; but she only drew her lace-edged handkerchief across her eyes as she continued—"That is it, I have no doubt. My little Clarence, you remember, one night went to bed as usual, and the next morning we found him dead. It is evidently in the family," she ended, with a sigh, entirely losing sight of the fact that her little Clarence in no wise had been related to Richard Wyndham. "What ought we to do, Ethel? I'm sure, I've no idea. O dear!" she continued, plaintively, "why need such a dreadful thing have happened? not that I wish to rebel against Providence. Have you sent for the doctor yet?"

"No," said Ethel, quickly; "I do not wish for one. There is no necessity."

"Perhaps not," assented her aunt. "But, really, Ethel,"—looking at her—"how can you take this awful blow so calmly? I think if I had been you it would have killed me."

How she ever did live through that terrible week, Ethel afterward wondered. An unnatural strength seemed to support her, not only then, but through the trials that followed. Mr. Wyndham's death and failure soon reached all ears. Death is a great alleviator of men's judgment, but, notwithstanding the sad termination of his life, there was not wanting those who accused

the merchant of reckless and fraudulent speculations. Neither the love nor pride of his daughter would allow any ground for such imputations of dishonesty upon her father's name, and she applied to the payment of his debts the fortune which, received from her mother, had been settled on herself. This done, the merest pittance remained to her.

Mrs. Denslow, who, in her selfish way, was fond of her niece and proud of her beauty, pressed the orphaned girl to make her home with her. But this offer Ethel declined, preferring anything to dependence on her aunt. Thoroughly skilled in music, she resolved now to make the accomplishment a useful one. Thankful enough she was for the talent which, assiduously cultivated and developed, should now save her from want.

Baltimore she had chosen as the scene of her new life, reckoning upon an old friend of her father's, residing there, for assistance in procuring pupils. Of this, his former intimate friendship of Mr. Wyndham—a friendship unbroken by separation—assured her. Meantime, she had determined to communicate to no one her future place of residence, a plan the more feasible from the fact that Mrs. Denslow, highly indignant at her niece's refusal of her generous invitation, had declared her intention of having nothing more to do with the wayward girl.

As for friends, Ethel thought, a little bitterly, that, among all her gay acquaintances, there was not one to whom that title could properly apply, with, perhaps, the exception of John Sumner. But she thought it wisest that he should lose sight of her. He would love some one else in time, if they ceased to meet, and this would be best, sparing both, as it would, the pain of his rejection.

Opening the lid of her writing-desk, the day before her departure, Ethel found a letter with her name upon it in her father's handwriting. With nervous trembling fingers she broke the seal. The date was that of the never-to-be-forgotten night which ushered in the darkest morning that ever dawned for her. She read the letter lingeringly, tearfully. It seemed like a message from the dead, the last thing, perhaps, her father had laid his hand upon. That fatal step once decided, it was evident that business cares and earthly matters had lost their interest for him, leaving only the

thought of the daughter so dear to him. He had done his best, he wrote, to meet the debts pressing so heavily, and as long as this seemed possible he had resisted the temptation forever urging him to end his wretched life, but now he saw, beyond a doubt, that there was no longer a chance of redemption. Throughout his life, two things he had most cherished, his daughter's happiness and his own good name; the ruin of both he could not live to see. Then followed words of love and pity, of hope hereafter, of trust in an infinite mercy, which strengthened Ethel's fainting spirit, as if her dead father had spoken to her thus tenderly. Reverently she refolded the paper and laid it away, with a happier and more submissive heart.

On her arrival in Baltimore Mr. Clifton met her, at the station, with a cordial welcome, referring to her loss with a considerate kindness that touched her. He insisted that she should go at once to his house, saying that he had promised as much to Mrs. Clifton, who anticipated much pleasure from her friendship. It was hardly possible to demur, so, thanking him, Ethel allowed him to assist her into the carriage that awaited them.

Mrs. Clifton, though her senior by a few years, was more girlish than Ethel in manner and appearance, and so evidently made to pet that it was next to impossible that she should not marry a man much older than herself. On the other hand, Hugh Clifton, with his strength and manliness, was well-fitted to protect one by nature so trustful and clinging as his pretty little wife. With their one child, little six-year-old Addie, they led a very happy life together.

Once in the house, Ethel found that there was evidently a preconceived plan to keep her there. And so urgent were the entreaties of her new friends, that at last she consented, as a compromise, to remain and instruct little Addie in music. Other pupils Mr. Clifton procured for her, and as her ability became known, the number increased, until she had quite as much as she could do to attend to them.

Congenial employment is grief's best panacea, and after a time, Ethel's life became peaceful and contented, if not positively happy. For Mr. Clifton's unceasing endeavors to render her new home a pleasant one she could not feel sufficiently grateful, while as for little Mrs. Nettie, with each

day her love for her new friend increased, to such a degree that her husband declared himself jealous of this rival attachment, while Ethel could not help returning the affection of the pretty warm-hearted creature.

At times, however, she found her a sad bar to industry. She was forever begging her to go walking, or driving, or shopping.

"When Vaughn comes you shall not tie yourself down so to that tiresome music," she said, one day, as some oft-renewed petition was refused.

Ethel looked up from the piano, in surprise. That Vaughn was a cousin of Mrs. Clifton's she knew, having frequently heard his praises sounded by that lady, but that he was coming was information quite unexpected. At her glance of inquiry, Nettie arched her head on one side, like a little bird.

"See," she said, holding up her hand and displaying an open letter therein. "I'm wild with delight! He promises to give us three whole weeks. Don't he write a beautiful hand?"

Ethel looked at the letter. She was rather interested in this Cousin Vaughn, of whom she had heard so much.

"Do you believe the handwriting is a true test of character?"

"Not always," answered Ethel, smiling. "I have known it to fail sadly."

"What should you say of Vaughn, judging by his writing? I would so like to hear your opinion of him."

Ethel looked at the elegant, flowing chirography. "He is refined," she said—"that is all I can tell."

"Ah, well," laughed Nettie, "you will learn all the rest. Meantime, mayn't he know you by your true name?" for she had taken her mother's name—Ethel Ayrault.

A sadness came over the beautiful face. "Nettie, dear," she answered, in a low voice—"please do not ask it. I have laid that name aside with my old life."

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Clifton, kissing her. "Of course, it will make no difference; I will call you Miss Ayrault if you wish it. And now come and drive, wont you? The day is so beautiful!"

"No, thank you; the tiresome music must be attended to," replied Ethel, with an attempt at gayety. But Mrs. Clifton could see that her speech had recalled old memories she wished her to forget, and full of re-

gret for her thoughtlessness, she withdrew. And Ethel, left alone, found it hard enough to concentrate her thoughts on the *arpeggios* her hands ran through. "Miss Wyndham!" she said the name over to herself, almost starting at the sound. Three years had passed since last she heard it, years so different from all the rest of her life that she seemed never to have been the gay heiress, the fashionable belle. This was a truer life she was leading now, quiet and peaceful. Spite of Mrs. Clifton's remonstrances, she could be induced to see no society, what formerly gave her so much delight being most distasteful to her at present. That she was more beautiful than ever she could not fail to see, even had not Mrs. Clifton's loving admiration assured her of it, but, discarding all the old adornments, she wore only simple black. She wondered sometimes, how she could have given so much thought to dress, it seemed so unimportant a matter now.

One thing troubled her in the prospect of this new arrival. She could not help seeing that Mrs. Clifton had formed plans of her own in regard to her favorite cousin and dearest friend. The secret of her love Ethel had guarded jealously, like that other dread one which she dared not name even in her thoughts. For her father's death she could be pitied, but this grief she must bear alone. Often did she think of the past, of the scene in the conservatory on that fateful night, of Gerard Mabury's dark moody gaze following her through the evening. She had heard no word of him since. Where was he now? had he forgotten her? should they ever meet again? Perhaps he was married—and she strove to still the quick pang that arose at the thought of how completely their lives had drifted apart. And trying to banish all these memories, she returned to her music once more.

A few nights after, she sat in the library, watching thoughtfully the play of shadows chasing each other over the glowing coal, dreamily conscious, the while, of the contrast between the cold wind without, and the curtained comfort within, when the sound of merry voices aroused her from her reverie. Addie was dancing around some one in the hall, while Mrs. Clifton was laughing, and talking, and apparently greeting the new-comer all in a breath.

This some one was Cousin Vaughn, she had no doubt, and the knowledge of his ar-

rival jarred unpleasantly on her thoughts. Nevertheless, since there was no alternative, she resigned herself to the inevitable prospect.

At which moment the door opened, and admitted the *dramatis personæ* of her thoughts; at least such she supposed them. Of Nettie she was certain, but the tall form behind her was in deep shadow.

"Why, here she is!" cried Mrs. Clifton—"Mr. Mabury, Miss Ayrault. I was just speaking of you, Ethel, just telling him what a dear friend—Why Ethel, darling, what is the matter? How thoughtless of me to startle you so!"

For Ethel was pale as death, and Mabury's face, too, wore a strange expression. Perhaps he also was startled at this sudden apparition, with such vivid contrasts of white face and black dress, without a gleam of color except in the bright hair. This was true of her but a moment, however, for back into the pale cheeks the crimson tide came with a rush that tingled hotly. For Ethel Ayrault had not quite Miss Wyndham's self-possession, and, for a moment, could scarcely reply to the greeting of Nettie Clifton's cousin.

This pallor and hesitation had startled Mrs. Clifton at first, but Ethel soon recovered herself. After a little, saying something about trying to rest to cure her violent headache, she left the room, declining her friend's offers of assistance.

"Isn't she lovely, Vaughn?" asked the latter, almost before the door had closed. "Did I say a word too much?"

"Hardly enough," he answered, quietly.

"Now it is too bad!" she exclaimed, in disappointment. "I expected you to be more enthusiastic. Every one is that catches a glimpse of her. What is the good of going to Italy to see the beautiful, if one can't appreciate it at home?"

"You have enthusiasm enough for both, my excitable little cousin."

"Ah, well, you will know her in time, that is a consolation. I must tell you that I am in love with her," she continued, confidently. "Hugh says I have a perfect monomania, Ethel-on-the-brain, but he really thinks as much of her as I do."

"Perhaps I had better go at once. Rather a dangerous vicinity, it seems."

"Well, you may be skeptical now, but it is."

Skeptical! Gerard Mabury had travelled

over land and sea to forget that beautiful face which made all art seem a mockery. But, on sea or land, the blue eyes haunted him, the sweet voice lingered in his memory, and now, as fate would have it, he came home to meet the very danger he had sought to shun. But this danger he would avoid no longer.

The news of her father's death, happening on the very morning of his departure for Europe, by some chance did not reach him until, after a three-years' absence, he returned to New York. To this arrival he had looked forward with mingled emotions. He should see Ethel again, but as the wife of another, probably; perhaps his old rival, John Sumner. How could he bear it? If she had only waited! for, by the death of a wealthy relative, he now had riches in abundance. But she had doubtless sold herself ere this, loving him through all, he knew. Then came the remembrance of those last words of hers, whose meaning had so often perplexed him. Sometime he would change his judgment; sometime his words would come back to him with a bitter sting. When he saw her the wife of the millionaire, admired and flattered by all, then he would regret his presumption? was that her meaning, he asked himself, fiercely, the old jealousy uppermost in his heart.

Then he learned the events that had transpired during his absence; Mr. Wyndham's failure and death, his daughter's sacrifice of her fortune, and lastly, her disappearance. The news awoke blended feelings of relief and remorse; relief that she was free, remorse for her possible sufferings and his own hasty pride which had left her to bear them alone. But he was resolved that, however remote her hiding-place, he would find her and restore her to the wealth and luxury that were hers by right. When this visit to his cousin should be over—already in his determination abridged to half its length—he would seek out his Ethel, his darling. Thus, throughout all his journey to Baltimore he mused, his mind busy with a thousand half-formed plans, until the glad greeting of his cousin brought him back to himself.

And how was it with Ethel, when, the first overwhelming sensation of their meeting was past, she was once more at liberty to think? All that evening she was in a flutter of excitement, hardly knowing whether it was joy or pain. The old-time

unquiet filled her mind, and long dormant feelings, over which she had gained a fancied control, rose up to terrify her with their giant might. She felt again the hopes, the fears, the doubts of love. The momentary unsteadiness of voice, the dark flush that passed over his cheek on beholding her, above all, a something in his eyes, one moment convinced her that he remained unchanged, but the next she remembered that so unexpected a meeting might occasion some natural embarrassment. She longed to flee from the constant trial awaiting her self-possession, but escape was impossible, and she could only pray for strength to bear it.

And the prayer was granted. Refreshed by sleep, she arose, ashamed of her former cowardice, determined to set about her duties as usual, let come what might. But she needed the strongest resolution, at times, to keep down the telltale blood, the fluttering heart-beats, for, on one pretext or another, Mrs. Clifton was always leaving her alone with Mabury. The latter, meantime, at a loss to know if she loved him still, was going through with very much the same course of reasoning as her own, with this difference, however, that it invariably ended in a vow that she *should* marry him.

One evening, during a short absence of Mr. Clifton's, Nettie and Gerard were to attend a party, to which, as usual, Ethel had refused to go, despite much urging. After they had, as she supposed, departed, she went to the library, intending to pass the evening in reading. She had not been there long before Gerard Mabury entered.

Starting a little as she saw who had come, she said:

"Why, Mr. Mabury, I thought you had gone with Nettie?"

"No," he answered, throwing himself on a lounge—"I excused myself on the plea of one of your headaches, Miss Ethel."

Nothing more was said for a while. Presently:

"That must be an interesting book; you have been reading the same page ever since I came in. Don't you want me to come and turn the leaf for you?"

Ethel smiled. "I confess I was thinking of something else," she said, laying down the book.

"Of past, present, or future?"

"The past, I believe."

"Do you remember Miss Revere? She is

Mrs. Sumner, now," spoken carelessly, but watching her jealously, the while, under his long lashes.

"Indeed?" she said, with equal carelessness. "She was very pretty, I remember."

"Yes," he answered; then, coming nearer, "Ethel, do you remember our last meeting, also?"

She dared not look up. "Yes," she said.

"You remember what you answered me?"

No reply, but the drooping lashes fell on cheeks whose color told a secret the shaded eyes would fain conceal.

Her unresisting hand lay in his.

"The only barrier that can exist between us now is gone?"

"Yes, Gerard," she whispered.

Hugh Clifton, unexpectedly returned, opened the door a few moments later.

"*Tableaux vivants*, upon my word! Allow me to offer my congratulations."

EXPATRIATED.

Brevet, Colonel

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Apr 1876; 43, 4; American Periodicals

pg. 330

EXPATRIATED.

BY COLONEL BREVET.

WITH the title of this story there is a wide field to moralize in; but not wishing to weary my readers with dry uninteresting stories, I will endeavor to give them an incident that came under my observation years ago, stripped of all verbiage, and reduced to a matter-of-fact narrative.

Caleb Armstrong used to command a whaler out of Nantucket about the year 1821, and would have continued to do so for many voyages, in all probability, but for one thing—his wife! Another chance to moralize, if I were not resolved to stick to the point.

Caleb was a royal whaler, had good discipline aboard for those days, made short

voyages, *whaling* good ones, in fact, and was in demand among the Quaker factors on the island. But he had the luck to hold a mate's berth only when at home; and, what was worse, his feminine captain used to spend his lay long before his return, so, in settling with his creditors at the end of a voyage, he was astern every time.

That sort of thing was discouraging, but Caleb, being in mortal fear of his spouse, dared not even remonstrate; so, after his last voyage, he got to loafing his time away in Jack Shaw's West India grocery, spending what little change he had for Jamaica and Santa Cruz rum. He soon began to run down at the heel, and the steady pro-

cise Quaker factors refused to trust him with another ship, and thus he was stranded.

The tide commenced to turn from an episode in Shaw's one night. Flip and grog were passing around lively, Caleb taking his dose every time any one treated, for Shaw had long since refused to trust him for liquor, as his money had gone long before his credit did, when one of the crowd (a snappy-looking, saucy-eyed sailor) said:

"I say, Cale, what is the reason you are such a devil alongside of an ugly whale, while you are an infernal coward under the lee of the old woman?"

Caleb gave a sickly smile, being too much demoralized to resent the insult, and replied:

"I am no more afraid of my wife than you are."

As he answered, a silence came over the crowd, all of whom appeared to be interested in something Shaw was telling, while Caleb, surprised at their inattention to him, looked hastily around to find the cause of it, meeting the irate vision of his dame, who had come in for groceries, and overheard the question and answer.

"You good-for-nothing shellbacks?" she cried in loud tones. "Here is where my shiftless husband comes to get drunk, and then be led into abusing me, his own wife, for you to laugh at, is it? Jack Shaw, if you sell him another drop of your poison, I'll pound you to jelly! Caleb, take my arm, and come home this minute." And before the poor man recovered his senses, he was tucked up under her wing, and walked to the door, where she paused, said all manner of ugly things to the crowd, then led her husband off, he going like a lamb to the slaughter.

"Yar! her voice goes through me like a knife," said Jack, after they were gone.

All felt ashamed of themselves, for, with all her failings, she had told them some severe truths, and sorry for Caleb to be united to such a wife, and it was a relief when the one who had forced the unfortunate man into the awkward position said:

"I'll tell you what we'll do, boys. Caleb is in a stew this time; now let's get him out of it."

"How?" all demanded.

"We will get up a ship for him. I'll take two thousand dollars of the stock if I can go his mate and keep him to weather o' liquor."

There was a dead silence for a few moments, and then Jack got up on a chair and began to relieve himself, as he always did, by a speech.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you hear the proposition of Mr. Knowles. Caleb owes me five hundred dollars, and there isn't the ghost of a chance for me to get it unless he goes whaling again. He is poor and drunken, but he is honest. Get him away from the influence he is under, with a prudent man like Mr. Knowles for a mate, and he'll do well enough. I will go three thousand dollars more on him."

Loud applause came from the crowd, and then Jack, preparing a paper to the effect that the subscribers pledged the amount against their names to fit a whaling-ship, Caleb Armstrong to be master, affixed his own signature with the sum he stated, called on Mr. Knowles for his promise to be made good, which readily was given, then went to work in the crowd.

Being done on the impulse of the moment, it took but a short time to raise a sufficient amount for the purpose, and then it was voted by the stockholders that Shaw act as their agent in buying and fitting a ship, which he agreed to do at once.

Shaw went up to Armstrong's house the next day, found him in the kitchen with rather a subdued look, and noticing the scared air that came over his face as he saw his visitor, said, cheerily:

"How are you to-day, Caleb?"

Mrs. Armstrong bounced in so suddenly as he spoke as to convince Jack that she had been peering through a keyhole at him, so, nodding unceremoniously, he opened his business.

"Do you want to go another voyage, captain?"

"Of course he does, you gawk! But he can't get a ship, owing to his getting drunk so often in your store; and he shan't go a mate as long as I've got a word to say!" said the would-be head of the house.

"You shut up! I called to see Caleb, and not you; and if you put in your oar again, I'll put your husband in jail for his debts," was Shaw's savage remark, in a tone that rather frightened her.

"Be a man, Caleb, and answer me. Do you want to go another voyage?"

"I do," he faltered, appalled at his temerity in answering without consent of his boss.

"Very well, we have got a ship for you."

"Who has?" hastily inquired Caleb.

"Why, the folks in the store last night raised one for you as soon as you had left to escort your wife home," explained Jack.

"Look here, Caleb Armstrong," said his wife, "it is a parish ship, and you have always been trusted by a respectable set of men with a vessel; and now I say if you take this one, never let me set sight on hide or hair of you again."

Her vituperation here became so strong that Shaw fled, telling Caleb to come to the store whenever he felt inclined to arrange matters, and, at any rate, to wear the breeches himself.

That evening Caleb walked in with something of the resolution in his manner that he used to wear before his marriage, and, moreover, wore his best suit of clothes.

"Have a snifter?" asked Jack, just to see how the land lay.

"No, I thank you," was the decided answer. "I came to arrange the voyage."

"How did you leave your wife?" inquired a youngster, with considerable sarcasm in his tone and a smile on his lips.

"Knocked down as you are," was the unexpected answer from Caleb, who struck out as he spoke, lent the saucebox a hot one between the eyes that sent him over a flour barrel into a pile of salt cod, then marched into Shaw's counting-room, leaving the youth to regain his equilibrium in a whimpering condition.

All present saw plainly that a new leaf in Caleb's family logbook had been turned, and acted accordingly.

The takers of the stock felt strong in their venture as they adjourned to the office to discuss the impending voyage; but whether he knocked his wife down or not, no one ever knew, for a wicked gleam in his eye warned them he was not to be trifled with, and no one was rash enough, or wanting in delicacy, to make the attempt.

It is sufficient to say that in due time the Tuscan was bought by Shaw, fitted rapidly, a crew shipped, and Captain Armstrong, with Mr. Knowles for mate, was afloat in short order.

Caleb evidently rowed it with his wife before he sailed, for a neighbor heard her shriek in defiant tones as he left the house, "If you go in a parish ship against my consent, Caleb Armstrong, don't come back!"

He went, however, and in a parish ship.

After he had sailed, Shaw sent up word that Mrs. Armstrong would be allowed to draw on him for thirty dollars a month in cash, and thirty in groceries; and if she did attempt to run her husband in debt during his absence, that a notice forbidding the public to trust her, which was left in his hands by Caleb, to be used if necessary, would be published. How the woman raved!

She had always managed to worry through with his voyages while he was afloat, but now she was brought up with a round turn; and the threat of publication touched her pride and scared her more than any other measure that could be adopted.

Six months passed away, and the Critterion arrived home, reporting the Tuscan "off Flores, with eight hundred barrels sperm, and boiling." A year passed, and the Atlas came, bringing a letter to Shaw from Caleb, who wrote, succinctly:

"I have shipped home thirty thousand gallons of oil. Have one thousand barrels aboard. All well."

"Drunk or sober, he is knocking things right and left," was the general comment on the island; while Mrs. Armstrong declared as stoutly as ever that she never wanted to set eyes on him again, and drew her monthly allowance with commendable regularity.

The ship was not heard from again for some time, and ugly rumors of her loss were reported, when suddenly she arrived at the bar in Nantucket harbor. She was full, for she floated deep, and Shaw was soon aboard. Mr. Knowles met him and exchanged greetings.

"Where is the captain?" was the first question from Jack.

"Here he is," replied Knowles, calmly.

"I don't see Caleb," returned Shaw, after looking around.

"O, Captain Armstrong. He left us on the coast. Sent me home with the ship and a letter to you," explained the new commander.

"Eh? left? Well, well. Sorry. How much oil you got?"

"Armstrong took out what he was entitled to at Valparaiso, after leaving enough for you to veer and haul on in paying his debts, but I have filed her chock ablock coming home," Knowles replied, with some pride in his voice.

"Well, well. This beats the Dutch!

Why, I'm a rich man! Get your papers and letters, captain, and let's go ashore," ejaculated the agent.

"First, how are my wife and family?" inquired Mr. Knowles, his voice this time showing some agitation.

"Excuse me; they are all well, as are the relations of all the people in the ship," returned Jack. "I ought to have told you before."

Obtaining your first news from home after a long absence will bring tears to the eyes of most men, and Captain Knowles concealed his emotion by going at once to the cabin to "shift, shirt, shave, and go ashore," as the Nantucket whalers, in homely phrase, used to express themselves.

The Tuscan had arrived, but none dared to, or cared to face the abuse they were sure to receive from Mrs. Armstrong, if they told her that her husband had remained behind, although every one on the island but herself knew he had not come; while she, aware of the arrival of the ship, having given the customary dollar to the first boy who brought the news, busied herself getting dinner ready for him.

Dinner time came, but though the bell in the church tower that the Unitarians, in a spirit of innovation, had placed there a few years before, pealed forth high noon, no Caleb came. Disappointed in his dilatory actions, she determined to give him a good wiggling when he did come, assert her command over him at once, and pour on his devoted head the vials of wrath she had been accumulating during his past voyage.

Notwithstanding she was disappointed at his non-appearance, she knew that supper was sure to bring him home, and though her revenge was delayed a little, she could have it then. But supper came and went without Caleb, for, at her regular hour, she sat down alone, not waiting a moment for him. She began to worry after tea, and, as the shades of night began to fall, went down to Shaw's to hunt her truant lord.

"Where's my husband loafing now?" she demanded, as she entered the store.

"That is more than I can tell you," replied the proprietor.

"Where'd he go to from here last?"

"Whaling, in the Tuscan?"

"Whaling! Hasn't he arrived to-day?"

"The Tuscan has, but Captain Armstrong left her t'other side," Shaw said, wondering at the sudden paleness that over-

came his caller, whom he expected to rave like a lunatic, instead of showing symptoms of fainting, when she learned that she was deserted.

"Did he send me any word?" she managed to murmur.

"He wrote me a letter that I will read you, if you wish," Shaw said, with considerable stern solemnity in his face.

Upon expressing a desire to hear it, she was led to the inner office, where the following extract was read:

"I do not purpose coming back, because my wife made my home a hell on earth, and told me if I went in a parish ship never to show myself again. I went in the vessel she scorned, because I thought it right for me to do so, and because I see no reason why many poor men should not combine, and do what a few rich ones can—fit a ship, even if the whole parish, town or county owns it. She, from her lofty feelings, does not require or need my assistance. Sell what oil of mine there is aboard, and, after paying my debts, under my power of attorney which you hold, should there be any balance, you can give it to Mrs. Armstrong, and tell her she will never be troubled by me again. Captain Knowles has account of what oil I have sold here in Valparaiso for my own credit, and will deliver a statement to you signed by me and attested by our consul. Good-by. C. A."

That was all, and the deserted wife fainted dead away. Shaw soused her soundly, and then escorted her home, a thoroughly humbled and penitent woman.

She wanted her husband, after all, but had held such high notions of her own importance, that he had dwindled into insignificance in her eyes; and so she had acquired spendthrift habits, in her desire to keep pace with people above her station in life, considering that all he was good for was to furnish money for her to waste; and then, when he remonstrated, tried to stop his reproaches and stifle her own conscience with the actions of a shrew. Now, having sown the wind, she was reaping the gale of misfortune.

Caleb had left her for good, and what was worse, left her poor. He had calculated for her to receive a thousand dollars when his business was settled up; but by a decline in oil that he could not foresee and plan for, she only got a little over a hundred!

She frequently had spent more in a week! Ay, and keep it up, too, when Caleb was stewing away on the equator to earn that selfsame money, that was swimming when it was squandered.

Of course the news went like wildfire, and every one expected terrible outbreaks from the dame; but this time they were mistaken. The blow was too severe, and had crushed her pride and broken her spirit.

She cast about for something to do to support herself by, humbly confessed her failings with great remorse, and opened a little store where she sold thread, needles, pins, tape and other small wares, became as prudent and saving as she had heretofore been lavish, showed every intention of reform, was seized with religious convictions, declared herself a Quaker, and in due time was accepted as a member of the Society of Friends, and except for her matrimonial mistake, was considered a good woman though bigoted in church affairs.

She it was of whom it was said one day, that a boy who was about to go his first voyage, strayed into her store and asked for "a couple o' dozen o' sailor buttons (those large horn buttons for reefing jackets).

"I am all out of mariner's buttons, but have got some thimbles," she said.

The boy didn't want thimbles, but guessed he'd take a few jewsharps.

With something of her old fire she said:

"I keep nothing an Israelite would use, either for diversion or divotion."

I never believed the latter, for cousin Elizabeth Black said the same.

She did say, however, to a peddler who tried to trade with her one day, and by the advice of some mischievous boys offered her pantaloons, "the Jews have been in the retail clothing trade ever since they crucified Christ and divided his raiment;" which remark caused the irate Hebrew to leave.

I declared I would stick to my point when I started to spin this yarn, and have failed to do so; but my readers will excuse me when I say that I have written the preceding to explain how Caleb Armstrong came to expatriate himself.

Where the missing captain had gone to was a mystery for a number of years, for the last thing heard of him was, that he had purchased a small vessel in Valparaiso, and never having returned after he sailed, it was currently supposed was lost.

I found him!

In 1820, I was cruising off the Gallipagos, and decided to run down to the Marquesas, and try my luck in that vicinity. I had the *Allhambra* of Salem that voyage.

We made Madison's Island, and stood in for the point forming the east side of the weather bay, the harbor being called Comptroller's Bay.

The point of land at the entrance of the bay is steep and inaccessible to the north, appearing iron-bound; but in the interior bays, of which there are a number, there are good landing-places, while the valleys are thickly settled and in a high state of cultivation of the bread fruit and plantain. As we squared away into the harbor, countless canoes came alongside, filling us with native men and women.

In this day, or since the islands of the South Pacific have been colonized with missionaries, we can scarcely believe that fifty years would create the revolution among the habits of the natives that it has; but at that time everything was free and unrestrained, and of course my men were soon tenderly engaged with the *wyenas* that came aboard. Morality among them, in the light which we view it, was, at the time I write, unknown.

At home, the Marquesans show every sign of affection for their wives and daughters, who fully reciprocate the love bestowed by the husband and father; but when on ships, they meet as strangers, every woman being fully capable of taking care of herself. Of course our sailors began their harmless flirtations at once.

I wish to give you an idea of these women, who are truly children of nature. They are of a copper color, good teeth and fine eyes, with much vivacity of manner; but from their habit of going without shoes they have wretched-looking feet, and a clumsy style of walking that detracts from their charms. Their dress is a white grass cloth robe which they wear with considerable grace, while their hair, loose and flowing, gives them an attractive look—at a distance.

They do one thing that is repulsive; use cocoanut oil for a cosmetic, and when that gets rancid, the perfume is loud, to say the least; and when I saw a sailor kiss one of those oleaginous beauties, as I did one day—*whew!*

We had hardly dropped anchor, before a more comely-looking native woman than the rest, and what was far better, a *wyena*,

free from all, was asking in fair English for the captain of the ship.

"She knows what she's about, when she wants the old man for a friend," muttered the mate, as the steward, after much urging, brought her into the cabin to me.

To my surprise, she said:

"My husban' he white man, he sick. S'pose you see him he lib. S'pose you no see him he die."

Having uttered this she looked me in the face with a confidence that plainly showed her trust.

"I will go to see him at once," I replied, her black eyes snapping with delight, as she heard my answer.

The ship was all snug, so calling my boat's crew I soon had them land the woman and myself, following the latter into a superior-looking hut.

A man lay on a couch, groaning as though in severe pain.

"What is the matter, shipmate?" I asked.

"Broke my leg last night."

"How?"

"Fell from a cocoanut tree."

I examined the limb carefully, and then said: "My mate is a natural bonesetter, and he will have you all right in no time, for it's only a simple fracture, and you'll soon be about if you have the patience to keep still and let the bone knit together after he sets it."

He gave his assent to the mate's taking it in hand, and soon Mr. Sterne, in answer to the note I sent aboard to him, appeared with a hastily improvised box, splints, bandages and other requisite material, and set the limb properly, leaving the unfortunate enjoying a moderate degree of comfort.

The man's face seemed familiar to me despite the lines in black tattooed across his cheeks, and after danger of fever had passed away, I endeavored to ascertain how he had come to forsake his home to amalgamate himself with the islanders.

He utterly refused to give his reasons for his self-expatriation, and I should have failed to discover who he was, but for his insatiate desire to hear from Nantucket after he learned I belonged there, thus exciting my own curiosity to learn his personality. While giving him news of my town, it suddenly flashed over me that the man before me was—Caleb Armstrong!

Concealing my thoughts at first, I told about every one I could think of. I finally

brought up Mrs. Armstrong's case, informed him of everything I could remember about her and her change in disposition, saw he was greatly interested, then charged him plumply with being Caleb. He attempted to deny it at first, but finally admitted I was correct in my conclusion, and told me what he was doing on the Marquesas.

"I came here," he said, "with a little schooner that is now in a creek, bringing a Sandwich Islander and a *cholo* for a crew, after I gave up my ship to my mate. The native left in a whaler two years ago, while the *cholo* was killed a year after he came here. I have taken a wife, raised a family, and have got plenty of money by supplying whalers with fruit, vegetables and pork. This is my history."

"Do you ever intend going home again?" I inquired.

"Home! this is my home."

"I mean your native home."

"No. I have severed all connection with Nantucket, and I know no home, relations or friends but what I have here, and never mean to, either."

I failed to make any impression on him after a conference of several hours, and also failed to get him to send any message to his wife, who, he declared, would not care to hear from him again, those being the last words he had ever heard her utter.

I kept at him, however, until he finally admitted that he had loved her when he left her, despite her abuse of him, but now he had a wife who obeyed him, and he would never leave her and their children for his former spouse, although nothing but his pride kept him from sending her some money.

He wanted it kept secret from Mrs. Armstrong that I had seen him, but that I would not promise, telling him that if I did conclude to inform her I had seen him, I would run in there next voyage and let him know how she received the news, and that I sincerely hoped to see them reunited in time, and he restored to his home.

"You needn't trouble yourself," he grunted out. "I have all I want here, and yet I may conclude to take my whole family to Europe and educate them like civilized beings long before you can come again," were his last words to me.

Whaling was remarkably good that season, for I filled my ship in three months, sheeted away for home at once, and eight

months from the time I left Armstrong was in port, meeting owners all smiles and graces at my success, while a week later I called on the deserted wife. I told her about Caleb as delicately as I could, and though she was somewhat overcome at the intelligence, she begged me to keep it private until I had returned from another voyage, requesting me to tell her when I sailed again, as she had something for me to take to him, which I promised.

My business called me back to Salem shortly afterward, and as the parties I sailed for before offered me superior inducements to go again, with but little delay I agreed, and wrote Mrs. Armstrong that I should leave very soon to cruise around the Marquesas, and if she had anything to send to Madison's Island, she had better forward it at once.

I received a short note saying if she decided to send anything, she would bring it.

Having heard nothing more up to the day of my sailing, I concluded she had changed her mind, and that it was all over on each side. Going up from the ship to the agent's, to get him to go with me to the custom house for a clearance, I found, to my surprise, Mrs. Armstrong seated in the office. Greeting her I remarked that she was just in time, for an hour later, if the wind held, I should be standing down Massachusetts Bay.

"I have been here three days," she replied.

"Yes, captain," said my agent, "she has told me her story, and arranged for a passage with you, so you will have to land her at the Marquesas; then, if she concludes not to stop, carry her to the coast when the season is over."

There was no time to waste in explanations, so finding her dunnage was on a team at the door, I sent a note down to the mate to get a spare stateroom, which we fortunately had, ready, and started my passenger aboard.

When I got back I found her in possession of her room, saw she was well provided for the voyage—she had seen much of getting ready for whaling in her life—so got the old Alhambra underway with as little delay as possible. It was fully three weeks before Mrs. Armstrong was able to be about, but she finally came round all right.

As she was rather reticent in her manner, I forbore pestering her with questions, for

I knew that she had decision of character enough to carry through any plan she had without my interference.

It was ten months before we made Comptroller's Bay again, and as we ran into the harbor, Mrs. Armstrong said she would like to go ashore as soon as she possibly could.

I told her that I thought it better for me to find out whether Caleb was alive or not, and if he was I would land her at once.

She assented to this, and the first man I met ashore was her husband. He appeared glad to see me again.

"How is the limb since I left you?" I asked.

"Tolerable; I don't limp a bit. But I have met with a great loss lately."

"What is it?"

"My wife died a few months ago. My native one, I mean."

"Taken another yet?" I asked, my heart bounding with delight at knowing his first one would be in better position if he had not married again.

"No. I think, however, I shall marry a *wyena* up in the mountains in a little while, one of the *Huppah* tribe," he replied, after deliberating with himself for a few moments.

"You certainly will, if you like," was my remark; "but come aboard in half an hour, and I will be there to give you something from Nantucket."

His face fell at first, then regained its usual air, and he finally agreed to; so I promised to send the boat for him in a little while, if he would come, as he said, which he vowed faithfully to do. I knew he would, for I plainly saw that he was curious to find out what I had for him, although he did not betray his feelings by his speech.

Going back, I informed his wife exactly how matters were, advised her of his coming off immediately, and that she must expect abuse and scorn, be prepared to be rejected, and also remember that her husband, from being tattooed, was greatly changed in appearance.

Although considerably agitated, she accepted my advice and suggestions with humble thanks; and, as the boat was now coming off with the deserter, I directed the officers to keep away from the cabin for a little while, and, leaving Mrs. Armstrong trembling, went on deck to receive Caleb.

Welcoming my visitor aboard, I invited him below. Requesting him to step into

the cabin while I attended to a few things, I saw him disappear down the gangway. As he entered the door, I heard his wife say, in much calmer tones than I thought she could assume:

"Caleb, is it thee?"

Some broken exclamation followed, the door slammed violently, and the two were together, where they remained for two long hours.

Pacing the deck, I anxiously wondered how the affair would end. My ruminations came to an end by being called below by Caleb.

"Captain, we are reconciled," said the wife. "Everything is explained, and I am going ashore to live with him, each trying to forget and forgive."

"What about his children?" I asked.

"I know he has two girls and two boys, but I will try to be a mother to them," she replied.

"I am glad this has come about," I said.

"And may God in his wondrous mercy enable you two to cherish the noble resolves you have this day formed."

There was an awkward pause for a little while, it being broken at last by Caleb, who asked me not to say much about the affair at home; and, as I had no Nantucketers among my officers or crew, I agreed willingly to keep it private, sent the reunited ones on shore, took fresh fruit, wood and water aboard, and sailed with as little delay as possible on a cruise.

At the end of the season I found that Caleb, wife and children had gone in a trader to Canton, and so for years I lost all run of them.

I found when I got to Nantucket that it was supposed that Mrs. Armstrong, tired of being an object of pity and comment, had gone to Pennsylvania to reside; and, as she was fading away from their memories, I did not revive it.

Years afterward, in command of a Black Ball packet from New York, while in Liverpool, I took up a London paper and read the following:

"TASSO—ARMSTRONG. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop, yesterday forenoon, Sir Richard Tasso to Miss Kitty, daughter of Hon. Caleb Armstrong, M. P. for Mistborough."

Turning the paper hastily to the Court News, I found an extended notice of the wedding, from which I give the following abstract:

"Sir Richard Tasso espoused yesterday the beautiful brunette daughter of Hon. C. Armstrong, M. P."

Then followed a long account of receptions and balls that were to be given at the family estates. And, although I was not an invited guest, I determined to call on the Member of Parliament, and see if I was mistaken or not as to his identity.

With this idea I went to London that day, called on the honorable law-maker the next morning, and found that my suspicions were correct, for it was the Caleb I knew, tattoo and all.

He told me that shortly after I left him he chartered a vessel which came to Madison's Island, filled her with sandal wood and the plumage of birds of paradise, put aboard what money he had made by supplying whalers, and then sailed with his family for Canton; sold out, found himself immensely rich, then proceeded to Australia, where he greatly augmented his wealth on a sheep run he bought and stocked; finally, going to London, where the baronet, having become enamored of his daughter, proposed him for Parliament from Mistborough; and that every one supposed he was an Englishman who was wrecked on a savage island when a boy, but who had escaped to Australia years and years ago.

His wife had renounced Quakerism, and was now a leader in fashion, but took great care not to exceed any limits he set upon her.

His youngest daughter was engaged to an officer of the navy, where both of his sons were, and from photographs of the latter which he showed me, none would ever mistrust their Kanaka origin from their looks.

I saw Mrs. Armstrong, who welcomed me cordially. And, although invited by both to attend the nuptial festivities, it was apparent to me that they were ill at ease while I was there. So I decided to leave without trespassing on their hospitality, although Caleb urged me strongly to stay.

Caleb and his wife are both dead now, but some of the oldest blood in England, on the male side, is mingled with the newer blood of a Kanaka girl. And I think the blue blood of a noble race is decidedly improved with Caleb Armstrong's, who, by his determination, sacrificed home and country, and became expatriated.

"FOUL LINE!"--A REAL INCIDENT.

BY W. H. MACY.

WE had been quite successful in whaling on the "Off-Shore Grounds," and had stowed down several hundred barrels of oil since leaving Tumbes where we had made our last port. All hands were in high feather, and the captain did not hesitate to prophesy that we should "give the old Tigris a bellyfull," though the earlier part of her voyage had been marked by hard luck and small catchings.

Our second mate, Mr. Andrew Jayne, was considered the leading whaleman among our officers. He was young and athletic, and in the fullest sense of the word, what is known as a "fishy" man. Fearless even to a fault, he was often rash and headlong, running greater risk than was prudent for an officer having the lives of other men in charge. But as he had been very lucky in escaping serious accidents, all this only went to his credit. He would stick at

no toll or peril in the pursuit of the gigantic game, and his boat could show much the longest tally of whales brought to the ship during the voyage.

His boatsteerer was a Fayal Portuguese, and in character the very antithesis of his superior. Though he did his duty well, and was safe to harpoon his whale under any average circumstances, he was very careful and methodical, and was often startled out of his propriety by the mad freaks of Mr. Jayne. At such times he knew by experience that it was in vain to protest, and contenting himself with a muttered "Diabo!" or two, was fain to submit and follow his leader.

"Mist' Zhayne," said Manoel, one pleasant morning when he was overlooking his "craft," in the boat, "I tink better run our line ove'board."

"What for?" queried the second mate.

"To get kinks out. See, I no tink this safe—I 'fraid we get foul line."

"O, let the line alone, and don't be borrowing trouble about it. The line is well enough, and I'm not going to bother about running it all overboard and coiling it down again."

"Well, you no want foul line, sir," the boatsteerer remonstrated.

"Never mind. *I'll risk* the line. We'll let the next whale run it for us—it will be limber enough after that."

This settled the matter, and there was no more to be said. Manoel did not care to appeal to the captain, but inwardly resolved if he got fast to a whale that sounded heavily, to look out for number one.

The next morning a large lone whale was discovered from the masthead, and after getting a good run of him for two or three "risings," the boats were lowered in pursuit. Mr. Jayne, with his usual good luck, got the first chance for attack, the whale having, while down, slightly altered his course, so as to rise directly under the lee of his boat. In a few minutes, the light boat under the impetus of the sail and the five paddles, slid quietly down alongside the monster, and Manoel, with a steady hand, planted both irons firmly in his broadside.

Even before the second harpoon had found its mark, we were all drenched to the skin by a deluge of spray, as the ponderous flukes came down with a resounding slap upon the water, and the next instant no whale was to be seen, but our line was spinning round the loggerhead and out through the chocks with fearful velocity. The whale was evidently in for a heavy "sound."

"Come here, Manoel!" cried the eager second mate. "Come here, and let me get my lance clear!"

As the boatsteerer came aft with long strides, I saw him glance anxiously at the line in the tub, which had already begun to show symptoms of being "demoralized."

"O, don't look at that line!" said Mr. Jaynes, impatiently. "That's all right enough."

He jumped into the head of the boat and began to get his lance cleared away, so as to be ready when the prey should again break water. In his eagerness, he seemed to pay little attention to the line which was so quickly running between his legs and down into the depths of the sea, with a steady

tension upon it that made it seem like a wire fixed in one position.

My place was at the after oar, between the line-tub and Manoel, and I confess that while dipping water to wet the line, my eyes were never directed away from that central point where the heart of the coils seemed about to rise up through the upper flakes. I knew that fatal symptom of "heart-disease," and so did the wary Portuguese, for he had seen it before, had warned Mr. Jayne of the danger, and knew that, if our line ran foul, it would be from sheer neglect and recklessness on the part of the officer. He stuck to his post of duty, letting it surge through his hands, and checking the whale as much as it was prudent to do, without running too much risk of either parting the line or swamping the boat by the head.

Meanwhile the mate's boat, with every man straining at his oar, was passing us, and the chief officer, Mr. Andrews, shouted loudly, "*Hold on, Manoel! Hold on hard, and box her down!*"

Mr. Jayne fired up at the word, as he always did on such occasions.

"Who heads this boat? I'd like to know. *I'll give him the word how much strain I want. Surge more, Manoel! Don't you part that line!*"

"Look out, Mist' Zhayne! I no like looks that heart in tub."

"O! Looks be—" The sentence was never finished. A swarm of rope flew past my head as I threw my body out-board, one of the bights nearly knocking my eye out. I was conscious of hearing Manoel's wild cry of warning, "Foul Line!" and that each one was making convulsive movements to escape the snarl. There was a sudden stoppage and added strain for an instant, and a jerk. As I looked again, Mr. Jayne was not to be seen!

"Cut line!" roared Manoel, and "cut line!" echoed everybody else; but it was too late. The whole body of it had gone from the tub, over the bow of the boat, in chaotic confusion. We were all clear of danger from further entanglement, but our brave young officer had gone to his final account.

Mr. Andrews pursued and struck the whale, for there was no time for indulging in tender sentiment. We, who without a line, could for the present do no more in the conflict, spent our time in pulling over and

across the spot where the fearful accident happened, in a vain hope of seeing some trace of the lost one, though such a hope was without any reasonable foundation.

But when the whale was killed, and we came to underrun our line, we found some difficulty in doing it. After a long and strong pull, the body of the second mate was brought to the surface, somewhat mangled by the gray sharks, but even more disfigured by the action of the water. He had been towed with such swiftness through the element, at a great depth and under tremendous pressure, that his form was pressed and distorted almost out of all

human semblance. A turn of the line was jammed so tightly round one of his thighs, as to have cut deep into the flesh, and the unfortunate young man had thus been hurried into eternity, held in a clasp like that of a vice. There was no time to throw it clear, to cut, or even to cry out for help.

We had only the melancholy satisfaction afforded to us of committing the body of our shipmate again to the great deep, with the rites of Christian burial. His loss was a serious one to us all, and there was an additional pang in the thought that he owed his untimely fate to his own rashness and want of precaution.